



No. 56.—VOL. V.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS MARIE MONTROSE

AS CINDERELLA IN SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS'S PANTOMIME AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DACON, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. The Peers were pummelled soundly to-day. At the National Liberal Federation meeting at Portsmouth

Dr. Spence Watson urged the Government to take steps to bring to an end the veto power of the Lords. Mr. Acland asked whether the Lords were to be an additional wing of the Carlton Club. The London Reform Union held a demonstration in St. James's Hall. Mr. Ben Tillett spoke of the Lords as a House of Peers, prigs, and privilege; while Sir Wilfrid Lawson went the length of calling it an "abominable institution."—Another bomb explosion in Paris is reported to-day. It occurred last night in a large *café* at the St. Lazare Station. While the band was playing and the place was full of people a man threw a bomb among them. Fifteen persons were injured.—The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland held his first *levée* of the season in Dublin, and it was largely attended.—The two ladies who went out to Jabez Balfour and recently returned were examined privately in the Bankruptcy Court in reference to the affairs of Jabez.—Dr. Hans von Bülow, the "Raphael of the piano," as Heine once called him, died at Cairo to-day. Born at Dresden in 1830, he was trained by Madame Schumann's father, and married the daughter of Liszt, who is now Madame Wagner.—The Khedive was presented to-day by Sir John Scott with a report on the administration of justice in Egypt during the last two years. His Highness expressed the greatest satisfaction at the progress made. One of his representatives in London has taken offence at Mr. Arthur Roberts's travesty of the kittle Khedive at the Gaiety Theatre, and to-day complained to Lord Rosebery. It has been expunged.—Much damage has been done all over Germany by the gale. Many lives have been lost. In the United States an enormous amount of destruction has been wrought, especially on railways.

Wednesday. The National Liberal Federation had the aid of Sir William Harcourt to-day. He dealt very severely with Mr. Chamberlain, "the apostle of the ransom school," who, wanting a new uniform that would be neither quite blue nor quite yellow, proposed the "National Party."—The strengthening of the Navy found warm support from the Chamber of Shipping to-day.—The new medical department of University College of South Wales, at Cardiff, was opened by Sir Richard Quain.—Mr. Davitt, at Dublin, to-day, spoke of the Lords as a "den of land thieves" and "rapacious legislative brigands."—The man who committed the outrage in the Paris *café* on Monday is the son of a man who took a prominent part in the Commune of 1871, and has often been in London.—The Paris police to-day arrested a man who is said to be a dangerous Anarchist, and is believed to have been implicated in certain outrages in Spain and also in Vaillant's crime.—Another fire broke out to-day at the World's Fair, this time in the Colonnade between the Agricultural Building and the Machinery Hall.

Thursday. London had an Anarchist scare all to itself to-day. A man was found in the park near Greenwich Observatory this afternoon in a shockingly mutilated condition. He had accidentally killed himself. He appears to have been a Frenchman who frequented an Anarchist club in the wilds of Tottenham Court Road. The man Henry, who committed the bomb outrage in Paris on Monday, was recently in this club, which, in consequence, was being watched by the police. To-day the foreigners who frequented it took alarm, and it is believed that the Greenwich victim had taken flight to get rid of some explosives, and had tripped near the Observatory, and thus blown himself up. A London telegram to the Paris *Gaulois* denounces the "incredible tolerance" of the British Government to the Anarchists of all countries, and affirms that London is the centre of all these conspiracies.—A meeting of Liberal Unionist members of both Houses of Parliament met to-day at Devonshire House to have their say about the Lords.—The Home Secretary told a deputation from the Trade Union Congress that he hoped to appoint twelve new factory inspectors, including two ladies.—The London School Board wrangled for nine and a-half weary hours over the religious question, and, after all, had to adjourn the debate. It was suggested by one speaker that the clerical party had tried to bribe the reporters with cases of wine to garble their reports.—M. Brunetière, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, got a magnificent reception at the French Academy. He dealt severely with the methods of Parisian journalism.—Commander Raaff is now said to have died by "the insidious hand of another." At least, there is to be a Government inquiry into his death.

Friday. The Autonomie Club—that dovecot of Anarchists, as the *Times* calls it—was raided this evening by the police. No one was actually arrested, the main object of the raid being to acquire information upon certain points. The Greenwich Park incident has excited much comment in Paris. The *Liberté* remarks that "Mr. Gladstone is the prisoner of the demagogues" and dare not take action. Henry, the perpetrator of the outrage on Monday, made a detailed confession of his crime to-day.—Curiously enough, with the news of these outrages comes tidings of the death of Frank Byrne, one of the Invincibles connected with the Phoenix Park murders, and once secretary to Mr. Parnell. He died at Providence, Rhode Island, to-day of heart disease.—By the explosion of a steam-pipe on board the first-class German battleship Brandenburg, while she was undergoing her steam trials in Kiel Harbour to-day, thirty-nine men were killed and nine injured, two of whom afterwards died.—The American liner

Paris has broken down, her rudder having become useless about 786 miles west of Queenstown. She is coming back to Queenstown, steering by means of her twin-screws.—An ice-floe has broken adrift on the coast of Ingermanland, Gulf of Finland, carrying off some 500 fishermen, with their wives and children, who were on the ice at the time.

Saturday. The Anarchist scares monopolise public interest—at least, as evidenced in the newspapers. It is stated that the Greenwich victim was connected, when in Paris, with an association of Anarchists known as "The Needles," because all the members were tailors. Just ten years ago he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for having attempted to organise a meeting in a public thoroughfare. In Paris the arrests of several Anarchists are imminent.—The steamer Clytha, at anchor in Barry Roads, was run into by the steamer Cadoxton, and sank immediately, seven men, including the first and second engineers, being drowned.—Information was promulgated at the Arsenal to-day that the new eight-hours day will begin on Monday week.—The brother of Major Forbes has been drowned while crossing a river on his way to Cape Town en route for England.—The annexation of Pondoland by the Cape Government is said to be impending in consequence of the continued inter-tribal warfare.—Rumour gives the Brazilian Government a victory over the insurgents at Bassofundo.—Nicaragua is not to allow Brazil to have a monopoly of war. It has taken possession of the capital of the Mosquito country, the desire being to annex the whole territory, which has hitherto been held to be independent, though under the protection of Great Britain and Nicaragua. The American settlers have appealed to the United States Government to take action.

Sunday. The Pope this morning closed the ceremonies of the year of his Episcopal Jubilee by celebrating Mass at St. Peter's. About 50,000 persons were present, about a third of them being foreigners. As his Holiness passed down the church he was loudly cheered.—Mr. Haldane, M.P., speaking on the Labour Question at Battersea, said it was not the only problem to be solved. There were duties to be done to other parts of the community.—A meeting, convened by the Bermondsey Vestry, was held in Trafalgar Square this afternoon to condemn the action of the Lords in regard to the Parish Councils Bill. Speeches were delivered from six platforms. Dr. Tanner, as an "Irish Hottentot," stood by Lord Salisbury's "black man" in condemning the Peers. Mr. J. H. Wilson dismissed the Upper House as the dustbin of the Lower.—Mr. Christie Murray propounded to the Playgoers Club this evening that the drama was both art and trade. The money-making faculty of the dramatist, he said, was the test of his ability and genius. Mr. Grein declared that Shakspeare in his day was far more morbid than Ibsen.—A brig was wrecked on the Goodwin Sands this morning, three men being drowned.—M. de Giers is ill.—The insurgent squadron in Brazil has suspended the bombardment of Rio.

Monday. The inquest on the remains of the Greenwich victim was opened this morning. In addition to the raid on the Autonomie Club, the police have searched other places frequented by Anarchists. Some surprise is expressed in Paris that the men found in the club were not actually taken into custody. There is a general feeling throughout the Continent that a kind of Holy Alliance against the Anarchists should be formed between all the Powers.—The trial began at Vienna to-day of fourteen Anarchists, who were found to have had a regular workshop for the manufacture of explosives.—The Barcelona police have arrested six prominent Anarchists, who have confessed to having been concerned in the attempt upon the life of the Civil Governor.—The Emperor William left Berlin this afternoon for Friedrichsruh to dine with Prince Bismarck.—The Prince of Wales held a *levée* on behalf of the Queen at St. James's Palace.—The first meeting of the committee to arrange for the Birmingham Festival was held to-day.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE,
Sole Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
THE CHARLATAN. A new play of Modern Life, by Robert Buchanan.
At 8, SIX PERSONS, by I. Zangwill.
MATINEE of THE CHARLATAN, Saturday next, at 2.30. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) 10 to 5.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, MR. HENRY IRVING.
EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. MATINEES every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 1.30. MR. OSCAR BARRETT'S FAIRY PANTOMIME, CINDERELLA.
Written by Mr. Horace Lennard. Box-office open 10 to 5. Seats secured by letter or telegram. Mr. Joseph Hurst, Acting Manager.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S
Company Every Evening, at 8, in Shakspeare's comedy,
TWELFTH NIGHT.
MISS ADA REHAN as VIOLA. MATINEE, Saturday next, at 2. Saturday MATINEES on March 3 and 10; Wednesday MATINEES Feb. 28 and March 7 and 14. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries. "This enchanting comedy has never been given with such complete harmony."—Telegraph. Feb. 26, 50th Performance.

CONSTANTINOPLE. OLYMPIA.
TOTALLY UNPRECEDENTED TRIUMPH. ALL RECORDS ECLIPSED.
MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE. 2000 Performers, Most Gigantic Scenic Effects, Marvellous Dances, Exciting Sports, Marvellous Replica of Constantinople, Magnificent Palaces and Mosques, Bazaars, Fleets of Real Turkish Caiques, Waters of the Bosphorus, Bridge of Boats, Marvellous Subterranean Lake, Hall of One Thousand and One Columns, Illuminated Fairy Palace, Astounding Tableaux of the Arabian Nights. GRAND SPECTACLE at 2.30 and 8.30.
TWICE DAILY, 12 noon and 6 p.m.
Admission everywhere, including Reserved Seat for Grand Spectacle, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. No extra charges. Seats from 3s. booked at all Box-offices and at Olympia.

ST. FURNISS, HIGH-PRIEST OF CARICATURE.

A TALK WITH A QUITE UNKNOWN MAN.

If Mr. Harry Furniss's bonny little daughter had the chronicling of this talk with her father, I think I know what she would not omit. She would be sure to put down—what she told me quite in confidence—that in his babyish and boyish days everybody took it for settled that



Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

MR. HARRY FURNISS.

Mr. Harry Furniss was to be a parson. She remembers all about it. And when she had chronicled down to the turn of destiny which took him away from the path of the curacy on to merely the high-priestship of caricature, she would probably have come to a halt of disappointment. Nothing is more remarkable than the youthfulness at which the womanly instinct develops a veneration for the curate's black coat and his dreadfully uncomfortable-looking tie.

If I were not most scrupulous in keeping confidences made to me, I should naturally have driven the parsonic-destiny business at Mr. Harry Furniss. But, apart from my scruples, being in need of a picturesque item wherewith to begin my article, I held quiet, lest it should turn out wrong, when I could not have used it. So, please, you can just accept the clerical matter as a family skeleton unbound from Regent's Park, or you can "wink the other eye," and, with me, get Mr. Harry Furniss seriously at bay in his studio, with his back set hard against the stove.

"I want to ascertain something new about you, Mr. Furniss, and, therefore, how did you become an artist, a caricaturist?"

"Yes, that's very new. Why, I always sketched a bit, and I drew things ever since I can remember. I imagine—although, I confess, I have never seriously considered the problem—that I was born that way."

"Well, then, perhaps I'll be on a newer track if I ask how you amuse yourself. It would be exceedingly interesting, for instance, if I were to discover that you like riding?"

"Yes, that would be so entirely new that I almost hesitate to admit that I do like riding. Equestrian exercise, people who haven't a seat in the saddle worth a rap call it, and I'm sure it's excellent exercise. Still, while riding is an old favourite of mine, I must say I don't think it's so thoroughgoing a relaxation as golf, which is a later acquirement with me. I'm afraid I'm not a very good golfer, but I'm certainly very fond of the game, and, you know, as I have Scotch blood in me on my mother's side, I may improve. I have just been buying a cup to present for play by the members of a club down at Hastings of which I am captain. The great merit of golf as a game is that it occupies

you completely. You can't golf and think of something else, as you can go a-riding, and a-thinking all the time of your next picture—hence, as I say, the goodness of golf as a recreation."

"You work sometimes, I suppose? Have you adopted the eight-hours day, subject, of course, to no reduction in wages?"

"Work? Oh, yes, I work now and then—for example, when I feel lazy or haven't anybody as entertaining as yourself to talk to. No, I haven't adopted the eight-hour day yet, but, since you have mentioned it, I'll think over it. Really, I work at all hours, at all times; I'm generally working; and if I don't feel in tune for one kind of work I turn to another. He is a poor kind of person who has only one string to his workman's bow—a pretty phrase, eh? Sometimes I work in a railway train, and I did a caricature of Lord Randolph Churchill and the lions, which you may remember, when I was travelling with my 'Humours of Parliament.'"

"In caricaturing a man do you work on any system?"

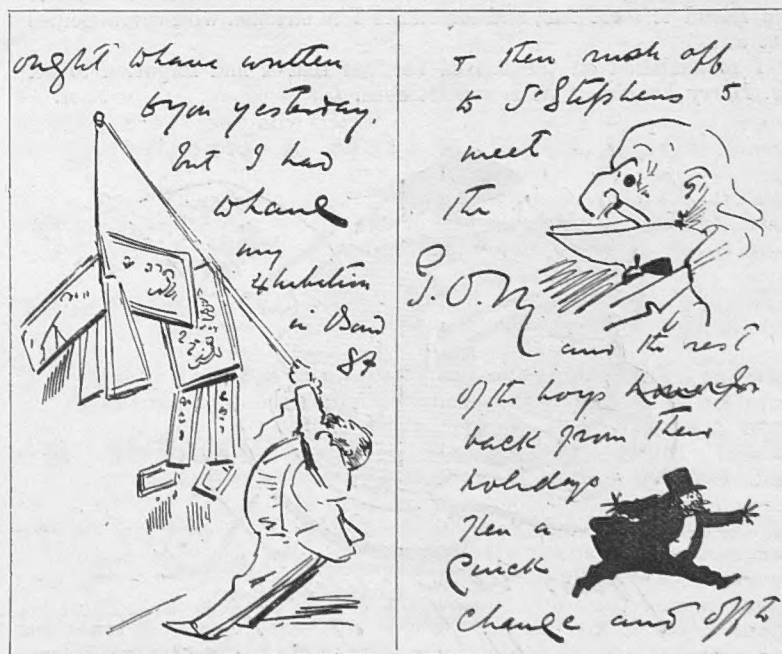
"No; there cannot well be any systematic kind of procedure. It's very difficult to describe so that you would understand how I work. But here's a painting of myself by an artist friend, and let us take the head and caricature it. Well, you pick out the prominent characteristics: the eyebrows, the curve of the nostril, the contour of the chin, the shape of the forehead. Accuracy and the closest observation—a sort of observation every man might not be capable of—are needed by the caricaturist. Still, you'll hear folk say that caricaturists don't portray a subject at all, that accuracy is wanting in their pictures, which is an absurd statement. If I may say it, had Gladstone's collar become so well recognised a feature of his personality until I noted it, and did members of the House generally notice the G.O.M.'s loss of a finger until the circumstance struck them in my pictures of him?"

"Portraiture, meaning by that the true reflection of a personality, is a first essential of present-day caricature?"

"Surely—only neither I nor anybody else needs to have to tell that! As for myself, I always draw from life; my studies are all direct. We don't caricature nowadays as the old caricaturists did; if we did, I don't know what pains and penalties we should not court. Caricaturing in the savage, bitter sense has been killed more or less by the development of art. Du Maurier and other masters of what I might call the mechanism of a body killed the old impressionist. I venture to say, however strong the statement may seem, that John Leech, as an unknown man, would not now get one of his drawings accepted by an editor. No one admires John Leech more than I do, and in the sense of humour and caricature his work was perfect. But since Leech things have altered very much; draughtsmanship is demanded along with caricature—Leech's work would be complained about on the ground of its lines and technique. Caldecott described himself as an accomplished amateur, and if he had been a more accomplished draughtsman he would have worried more about technicality than about the general spirit of a picture. Thus, much of his best humour would have been lost to us."

"Well, about the new impressionism, the new school of impressionists?"

"If you mean the wishy-washy, slipshod impressionism which is lifting its head, I simply say it is insulting to the public. It pretends to give the public what it does not give—that is, it merely gives an impression and hasn't the capacity to give the drawing. What is called cleverness is really cheek, and artistically it is having a very bad effect. Almost every day I get bundles of sketches from young artists who want to know my opinion of them. In most cases I find this bad influence making itself felt, and, indeed, it seems to be on the increase, only the reaction will come in due time. What these latter-day impressionists do is that they begin the wrong way. Turner began by making most elaborate studies, and he ended by giving the impression of a life of study. They begin by giving you the impression, and they will not sit down and give the serious drawing."



A LETTER BY MR. FURNISS.

"I'm sorry to look like wanting you to get wholly scalped, but may I put the subject of the new organisation of illustrators before you?"

"You saw I presided at the inaugural meeting. You may care to know that I have withdrawn from the organisation. I had an idea in 1887 of starting a society of the kind, but I refrained, for the same reasons that have now influenced me to withdraw from the present society. Artists are charming fellows, and I love every one of them, but they are not business men. Instead of quietly forming the society, instead of keeping behind the trenches until the formation was complete to meet the enemy, they want to rush out at once in ones and twos and get pulled to pieces. It's all very chivalrous, but all very foolish, fighting. And what's the result? Merely that my friend Mr. W. L. Thomas—who is the enemy, isn't he?—becomes chairman of a meeting of all my charming but impracticable artists."

"As matters have gone, you don't see much good in continuing part and parcel of the organisation?"

"No; but I have some plans, only I'm not going to tell you about them yet—wait a little."

"But it would be so interesting to know what in the direction of labour organisation you have up your sleeve."

"It's because I think it would be interesting that I'm very frankly not going to tell you. What's the use of having a good notion if you're to give it away too soon, at the wrong moment?"

"About your plans individually—I mean in the matter of your own work—is there anything to be learned?"

"By-and-by I mean to take my 'Humours of Parliament' over to America, or, rather, I shall make them part and parcel of entertainments there, the other part having reference to the American Parliament. When I was in America I made a great many sketches in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, and I am rather hopeful that the Americans would be interested in the two pictures of the English Parliament and the American Parliament placed side by side. That and the publication of a volume of my American sketches, with an accompanying text already written, is in the future. In the immediate past there has been the preparation of the exhibition of my drawings at the Fine Arts Society in Bond Street."

"Your mention of the writing and illustration of this American volume recalls the wail I noticed Mr. W. L. Thomas make recently about the absence of the 'pen-penciller'—the artist who can both draw and write."

"I try to do both, and Mr. Thomas was good enough to tell me that the illustrated series of letters I contributed to the *Daily Graphic* had not done it any harm. You hear the click of the typewriter in the other room. I don't know how much or how little of the ideal 'pen-penciller' I am, but that's my 'London Letter' being typed."

"A last question: do you like to draw caricatures? Do you love the work as much, say, as actresses always love the footlights?"

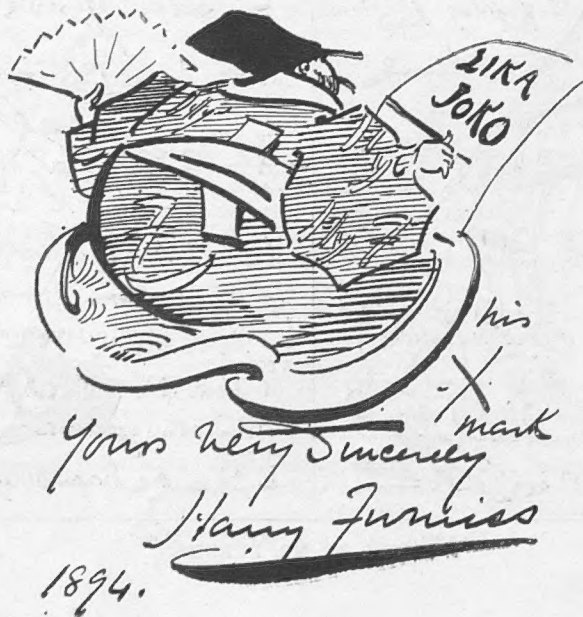
"I trust I like my work—it's only natural I should; but whether the caricaturist finds a heavenly pleasure in making his sketches—as much pleasure, say, as his subjects and the public find in contemplating them—that is a question too vast altogether for me. I caricature because it's my business, and I have to do it. When I make a sketch on a letter to a friend it's for fun, and sometimes I'm stricken with eccentricities that way."

I remembered on the top of the 'bus that I had forgotten to ask Mr. Harry Furniss if he is superstitious.

J. M.



MR. FURNISS, DRAWN BY HIMSELF.



"DAN'L DRUCE" IN REHEARSAL.

I felt as I sat in a stage-box, and beheld Mr. Gilbert conducting the rehearsal of his play, which was to be produced by Mr. Mollison at the *matinée* of Feb. 20, as though I were watching an artist at work upon a picture. I appreciated my privilege, and wildly longed for the talisman of invisibility from "Broken Hearts," which might stand me in good stead should the great man change his mind and conclude to oust me as an intruder. But, happily forgetful of my presence, he paced the stage—a tall, soldierly figure, towering above the assembled actors—his face changing expression to match the speech of the *dramatis personæ*, the gestures made in illustrating the action to be employed full of unconscious grace, his features revealing the keen sense of humour which, like a subtle perfume, pervades his writings.

Suddenly I was recalled from my study of the playwright, librettist, stage director by the loudly uttered words of Mr. Rignold: "Come, old man!" his rich, mature voice was exclaiming. It was a voice which rendered all others on the stage, save the one which answered him, insignificant and thin by contrast. He was addressing the "star," Dan'l Druce, the possessor of the voice which rang out even more melodiously than his own, and it was laughable to hear that boyish-looking youth so gravely adjured as "old man." Somehow, because I had heard oftenest of Mr. Mollison in "character" parts, I had imagined him to be approaching middle age; but, instead of the sober personage conjured by imagination, there stood a slight young fellow, perhaps below the average height, with well-marked, sympathetic features, great, luminous dark blue eyes, an ingenuous smile, and wonderfully expressive hands, which seemed to speak a silent language of their own in their quick movements.

The rehearsal was beginning in earnest.

"Where's the child?" questioned Mr. Gilbert. "Where's the child?" everyone seemed mentally to echo, for that necessary little "prop" had never yet, it seemed, been forthcoming. As the "stage waited," somebody dragged forward a fluffy mite of humanity. Then the said mite was promptly seized upon by Mr. Rignold, exhorted over as the lines called for, and passed on to Mr. Mollison. Now, Mr. Mollison is an essentially magnetic actor; in fact, he is all feeling, and forgets himself in a part, even in the monotony of rehearsing. But his fervour was something the inexperienced "prop" had not been prepared for, and an agony of terrified tears followed hard upon the actor's eloquence. Immediately the discipline of rehearsal was relaxed, and I might wager that a London audience would gladly give "a guinea the stall" for a glimpse of Mr. Gilbert marching hopelessly about, dandling the wailing atom in his arms, paternally protesting the while, "Never mind, my little lamb, we're only playing. There, then, it's all over. Don't cry any more, that's a dear." Mr. Mollison also prostrated himself before the offended deity, while Miss Nancy McIntosh, looking like a girl made all of moonlight—so did her delicate features, pearly skin, and pale gold hair glimmer under the gas-jets—approached to offer sweet feminine consolation.

"We wouldn't hurt you for anything, pet," explained Mr. Gilbert, producing an alluring sixpence. "See," pointing to Miss McIntosh, "you're supposed to be that young lady in the first act. This is what you'll be when you're grown up. But no!"—breaking off with a comical glance at the pretty young woman—"I'd better not tell the poor child that; it might alarm her still further."

And the next scene with the child was interspersed by him with judicious pappings and pennies.

Each inflection of Miss McIntosh's charming voice was weighed in the balance, so to speak, by the careful director. Here and there a suggestion was inserted, here and there a word of praise. It was pretty to hear the young actress interrupt herself now and again by petulantly exclaiming, "No, that isn't right, I know!" as she directed a glance of appeal towards Mr. Gilbert.

Pretty, dark-eyed Mrs. Mollison (known professionally as Evelyn McKay) sat beside me in the box, and laughed with me as Mr. Gilbert gave Miss McIntosh his ideas of what certain bits in her love scene with Mr. Fuller Mellish ought to be. For the nonce he transformed himself into the half-shy, half-loving maiden, coyly revealed the state of his affections, and at last fled to the shelter of Mr. Mellish's arms. This feat over, he cheerfully essayed to read the part of Reuben Haines, as Mr. Valentine had been too ill to come to rehearsal.



MR. MOLLISON AS "DAN'L DRUCE."

A GREAT PIANIST.

Hans von Bülow is dead! Who that had the privilege of spending even one evening in his society can ever forget the man or the artiste? Bülow's short, well-knit figure, his expressive hands, his somewhat plain face, lighted by dark, brilliant eyes, were all instinct with an abounding vitality. He was a most delightful companion to those he liked. His memory was astounding, his anecdotes of the great ones of music whom he had known innumerable, and his wit and vivacity overflowing. His interest, however, was by no means confined to music; he was widely intelligent, and his opinions on men of genius, their theories and their work, were always admirably expressed, and worthy of attention and recollection. Bülow's sturdy independence was as remarkable as his huge capacity for work and his extraordinary genius as a pianist and a conductor. I well remember an anecdote illustrating this which fell from his own lips when he was in England some twenty years ago. At that time a testimonial was suggested to a worthy composer whose works are seldom mentioned or heard nowadays, and the great pianist was asked to express his appreciation of this gentleman's ability as a composer, conductor, and musical director—he was what Bülow would have called a successful tradesman in music—by heading the list of subscriptions. He showed his appreciation by writing "Hans von Bülow—sixpence" on the blank sheet placed before him. Bülow could truckle to none, and his admiration was reserved for those few who works stand out as creations of true genius. Richard Wagner had won that admiration from the time when Bülow first heard "Lohengrin," and throwing over the law, for which he was trained, journeyed to Zurich to become the Master's disciple. So great was his admiration of Wagner's colossal genius that he would not for a moment brook the company of those who jeered at and flouted the works of the composer. On one occasion, and again I quote from the man himself, Bülow called at a certain house, intent on making the acquaintance of a well-known admirer of the creator of the "music of the future." The gentleman in question was not at home, and the pianist was shown into the library to wait for him. On entering the room, he espied a certain well-known English critic who has ever assailed Wagner with "cheap railery" when opportunity has served, and who in those days simply laughed the composer to scorn. Bülow turned abruptly on his heel and walked out of the house, never to enter it again. As I have said, his memory was astounding, and I believe he has conducted "Tristan und Isolde" without a score—those who know the work will appreciate the magnitude of the feat. As a pianist, when in health, Hans von Bülow had but few rivals; indeed, I have heard an authority on matters musical pronounce him the greatest pianist of his time, "possessing a truly tragic style, marvellous technical dexterity, and a restraint and dignity that made him a true exponent of great work." "Bülow was a genius," added my friend, "though his hair was not abnormally long, and he despised mere display and pyrotechnic exhibitions on the pianoforte." Von Bülow talked English with ease, and was an excellent judge of English literature. He had a high opinion of those English translations of Wagner's libretti which Mr. Alfred Forman made as a labour of love, and he sought out that gentleman and became his friend. Some ten or twelve years ago, Bülow had a fore-shadowing of the end which has now come. He wrote from New York in a most despondent way to a friend of mine, expressing his fears that his health had broken down. However, he recovered from that attack, which, like his death, was probably due to an overtaxed brain, but I doubt if he was ever quite himself again. His death leaves a gap in the front rank of the musical profession that it will be hard indeed to fill.

Z.

THE FEMININE FICTIONIST.

Corelli Mary, quite contrary,
How does your novel grow?
With splashes of gore and spooks galore,
And platitudes all in a row.

Ouida, Ouida, now indeed-a,
How does *your* novel grow?
With a Princess shady, a lord and a lady,
And Guardsmen all in a row.

Miss Edna Lyall, now no denial,
How does *your* novel grow?
With a rake reformed, a cold Atheist warmed,
And goody girls all in a row.

Mistress Ward, with critical sword,
How does *your* novel grow?
With souls forlorn, and phrases outworn,
And clergymen all in a row.

O all ye writers of penny soul-smiters,
How do your novels grow?
With endless chatter of amorous matter,
And wedding-rings all in a row.

—Quoted in the *Critic* (New York).

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

CHRISTIE MURRAY'S New Novel, "**IN DIREST PERIL**," is now ready, in 3 vols., at every Library.

Mrs. LYNN LINTON'S New Novel, "**THE ONE TOO MANY**," is now ready, in 3 vols., at all Libraries.

"The whole book teems with brilliant epigram and sagacious apophthegm. . . . In many respects, as a matter of fact, 'The One Too Many' is fully entitled to rank among the most powerful and remarkable novels of the day."—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE TIGER LILY: A Tale of Two Passions. By G. MANVILLE FENN. 2 vols.

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THE NEW ACTOR-MANAGER.

It was at Leamington, and we sat in a box at the pretty little theatre, laughing till we shed tears over Mr. Weedon Grossmith as "The New Boy."

"Now there's another play in the world as funny as 'Charley's Aunt!'" we exclaimed, gazing at the little figure on the stage, dressed in sailor clothes, hat ribbon over his eyes, lips pouting, feet apart, the most ludicrously innocent expression on his face, as a certain situation developed.

In the stalls sat most of the "rich maiden ladies" for whom Leamington is famous (though church bells from all quarters summoned them to Lenten evening service), while in a box opposite us Bret Harte's

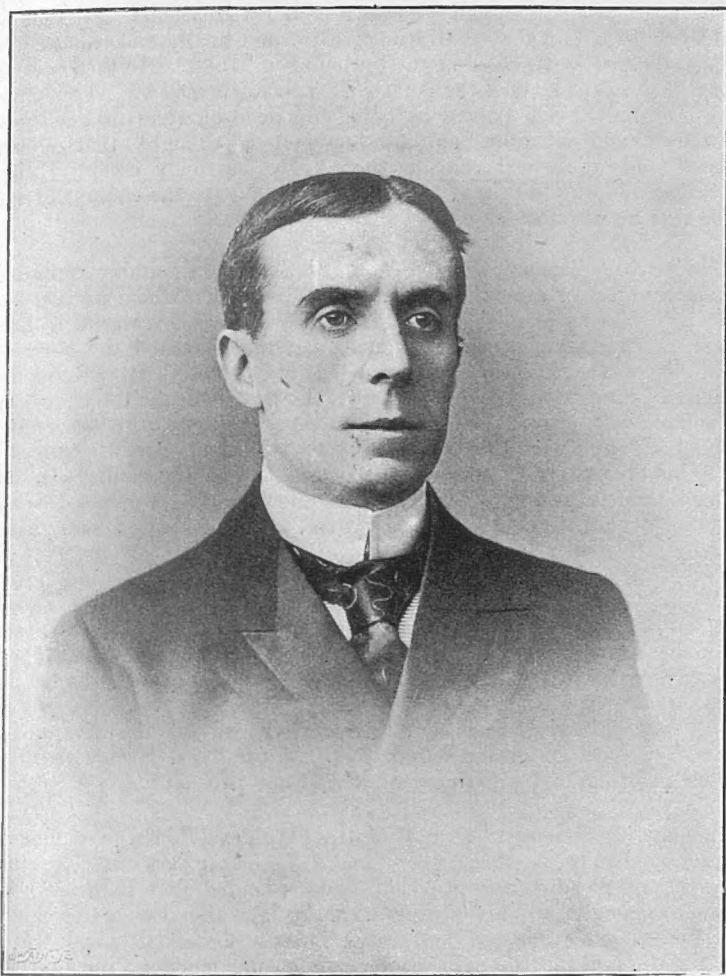


Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH.

clever face was visible, as he exchanged smiles of appreciation with his son. They also had chosen the Manor House as their abiding-place, and when, after the play, we sat in the warmth and brightness of the old-fashioned dining-room, awaiting Mr. Grossmith's coming for supper, we amused ourselves by "making large ears" to overhear the novelist's remarks anent the actor. "Funniest fellow—went to see him half-a-dozen times in the 'Pantomime Rehearsal,' and——" But at that moment Mr. Grossmith verified a proverb by appearing.

Presently, the decorous waiters had retired into the background, and we, the shaded candles, the fire, and the distinctly British engravings, had our victim to ourselves. We improved the opportunity by asking questions, and, I am afraid, staring. We wanted to find out exactly why Mr. Grossmith was so inimitably funny. And our marvellous perspicacity, of which we are justly proud, speedily informed us that, apart from all his undoubted artistic talent, Mr. Grossmith is funny because of his intense seriousness. With eyes gazing into space, and a manner half surprised, half boyish, wholly matter-of-fact, he related anecdotes which made us tremble lest our laughter should waken the sleeping guests of the hotel. Some of them concerned Mr. Grossmith's early life as a painter, and, though they were funny in repetition, the facts had had their tragic side in their day.

Mr. Grossmith talked in short sentences, without a smile.

"Naturally, my father thought of the stage for me," said he. "I used to be trotted out to play with amateurs when I was about two feet high, but I trotted in again to my pencils and paints quite contentedly. Drawing was my delight at school, and it didn't get me into trouble, because I couldn't do caricatures. I've always taken everything too seriously. I studied at the University, and then went to the Academy School. When I'd finished there, I took a humble studio in Fitzroy Street, promoted myself later to Gower Street, and then cut a splurge by taking a grand one in Harley Street. But by that time I had had a lot of pretty girls and children hung on the 'line' at the Academy, had exhibited in most of the prominent provincial galleries, and some of my portraits, such as Sir John Puleston's daughters, handsome Mrs. O'Hagan,

and Sir Sydney Waterlow's little girl, shown in the Grosvenor, had got me pretty well known as portrait painter. I was painting children principally. Funny thing! though I'm a bachelor, I know more about children than most married men, I fancy. I knew too much sometimes. My studio was littered with toys and sticky with sweets. I had to employ little professional models to relieve the paying ones; and how they used to fight at times!—yellow hair, like silk, flying all over the place!

"Well, I got orders for thirteen portraits soon after moving to Harley Street. I wasn't superstitious, so I thought my fortune made. You'll wonder, perhaps, what this has to do with my dramatic work; but you'll see how those thirteen portraits drove me to the stage. One day, the man who'd ordered the biggest portrait called on me. 'Where are my children going to hang?' he asked. It sounded queer; but I knew what he meant. Not being an Academician, I could only say I hoped the portrait would get in; my things usually did. But he stammered out that he must have a guarantee, or he didn't want the picture painted. Would you believe it, four more of my best orders fell through in the same way? Several others dropped off through illness or going abroad, and the end was that, out of thirteen, two or three little ones were left. It was a bad year for artists, anyway. Nobody's things sold. Wealthy people used to come on my show-days and rave over my pictures. 'There is one I should love to live with!' they'd exclaim. 'You can,' I would say; 'it is only so much.' But the answer would be, 'Oh, we're too poor to buy this year,' or, 'We haven't room for anything more, you know.' Every day I was getting deeper into debt. I used to wish for a private earthquake to swallow me up.

"Previous to this I'd taken part in a few amateur plays at Sir Arthur Sullivan's, before the Prince of Wales, and D'Oyly Carte had said that if 'art ever failed' he'd give me an engagement. I shrugged my shoulders at the thought, and the fact is it didn't occur to me again until Cecil Clay suddenly asked me to go to America in the company supporting his wife, Rosina Vokes. There were two or three parts in the *répertoire* which he thought made for me. I was given twenty-four hours only to decide. Well, I went to my studio and thought for five minutes—thought hard. Then I threw my palette and brushes on the floor. 'You've been faithless friends,' said I; 'I'll no more of you.' But I meant to sneak off to America and try my new life without letting anyone hear of it, until I knew whether I was a success or a failure.

"A few days later we were playing in Liverpool, by way of trying a new piece before sailing. I stepped upon the stage for the first time professionally, through a window, as a rascally lawyer, pale-faced, black-whiskered, in Herbert Gardner's 'Time Will Tell.' I was in a prodigious funk. Nobody beyond the footlights could hear me speak, and it was a great relief to me when I was kicked bodily off the stage by one of the virtuous characters. But I plucked up courage for the second piece, 'The Tinted Venus,' and made a hit, much to my own surprise.

"It was a weight off my mind, going from that 'debtor's cell' of mine in Harley Street to America. I sent home half my salary to pay my debts, and it took me six years to clear them, but at the end of that time I didn't owe a farthing in the world."

"Of course, after your great success in America, you had no trouble in getting London engagements?" one of us said.

"Oh, but I had! London managers are doubting Thomases—they won't have faith in what they haven't seen. At last, though, I got an offer of Woodcock, in 'Woodcock's Little Game,' at the Gaiety. Before the curtain rose I got letters and telegrams wishing me success, and some anonymous ones prophesying failure, and making me rather blue as I went on the stage. It was an old-fashioned piece, and the part didn't suit me at all—I made a hash of it, in fact, and the result was that no manager in London had the pluck to engage me.

"I was awfully discouraged, thinking everyone was writing me down a duffer, and had gone back to painting, at a tiny studio in St. John's Wood, when Mr. Irving sent for me. He was just back from America, where he had heard fine things of me from Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Florence, and he offered me Jacques Strop in 'Robert Macaire,' saying it would do me good to play in London. I cleared my throat a little, and then I stuttered that it was only fair to tell him I had



Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

AS JOSEPH LEBANON IN "THE CABINET MINISTER."

played in London and failed. 'Nonsense!' cried he. 'What do I care for that? You won't fail as Jacques.'

"Rehearsals under him were severe, but magnificent instruction; and when I was taking off my 'make-up' on the first night Mr. Irving came and slapped me so hard and so suddenly on the back in congratulating me that he knocked my mirror out of my hand and broke it. I had it patched together again, and I hate using any other. There was Percy Palfreyman in 'Wealth,' at the Haymarket; then I went to Mrs. John Wood at the Court, and then I had the part which did me more good than any other I'd played, Joseph Lebanon, in Pinero's 'Cabinet Minister.' Then came the 'triple bill' at the Court, with Mr. Brandon Thomas, and so on, until last summer, when Mr. Arthur Law read 'The New Boy' to me, and I decided to take it for a run at Terry's.

"Oh! yes, people are always bringing plays to me. A funny thing happened once in that connection. One night, at the Savage Club, Mr. Ganthony asked me to take home a comedy of his to look over, and I consented, feeling sure there'd be something in it. But next day, when I wanted to read it, it couldn't be found. Night after night I would meet Ganthony, and he would ask me how I liked his play. It was awful. The perspiration used to come out on my forehead as I'd say sometimes I hadn't had time to look at it yet; or, again, that the first act was good; later, that the second wouldn't 'quite do,' but, really, I couldn't stop to explain—so sorry—must catch a train! I didn't so much mind lying, only it was difficult thinking up new lies appropriate to the case. But Ganthony had no mercy. Months went by. In despair, I organised a sort of rigorous spring cleaning to find that awful play, but it was no good, and at last it occurred to me that I might have lost it that first night in a cab. I went to Scotland Yard and inquired. 'Oh, yes! Play marked with Mr. Ganthony's name, sent back to owner four months ago, as soon as found.' You may imagine my feelings when next I met Ganthony!

Oh! what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive!"

A. L.

THE "GAIETY GIRL'S" HOP.

It was a happy idea of Mr. George Edwardes to summon his friends to make merry in response to an invitation from "A Gaiety Girl at Home."

That sprightly young woman might well be in the mood for lavish hospitality, considering the brilliant success of her adventures at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Of all entertainments, the theatrical ball excites the greatest expectations. You hope to meet the prettiest women, whom you have long admired from the back row of the stalls; you are eager to behold the comedian in his habit as he lives, and hear some original quip which has not yet delighted an audience. You are convinced that if there is any amusement in this world which has not the slightest canker in the shape of haunting care, it is to be found in a festive gathering of the players. These ideas are not always realised; but Mr. George Edwardes deserves our gratitude for having given, at least, one night's unspeakable contentment to a cherished illusion. It was worth while to witness the ball at the Prince of Wales's if only to carry away the remembrance of a certain dramatic critic who threw off the anxieties of his craft, forgot the subtle distinctions of appreciation, and in the true spirit of Mr. Pinero's "praise, praise, praise," showed as light a pair of heels as the stage had ever seen.

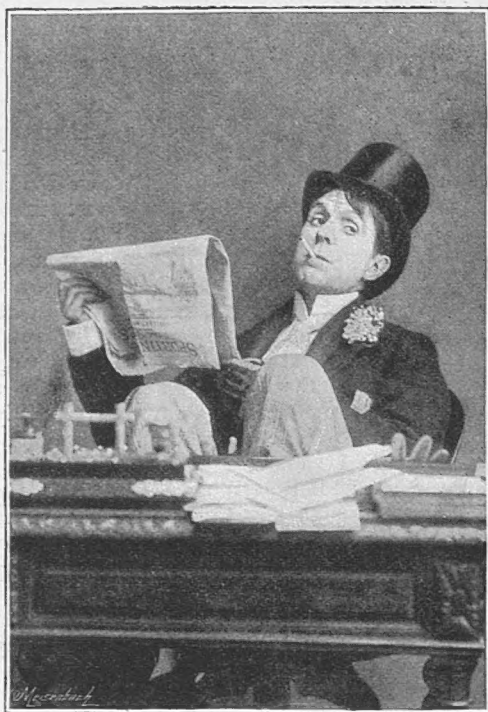


Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.
AS PERCY PALFREYMAN IN "WEALTH."

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

Vaillant's boastful last words, "*Je serai vengé*," were fulfilled within a week of his execution, and in a way that has roused the whole of the gay, easy-going city to the utmost indignation. This time the bomb was thrown into the Terminus Café, near St. Lazare Station, which was filled with men and women, playing draughts and cards, and enjoying the music of the band, after the day's business. The miscreant made good his escape as soon as possible, but a *sergent de ville* from the top of a passing omnibus heard the report of the explosion, and gave immediate pursuit to the running fugitive. When, finally, he was brought to bay, the Anarchist fired three times at the policeman, who, although severely wounded, made one final effort, and managed to throw the fiend to the ground, where he was secured by numerous others who had also given chase. His name is Émile Henry, and he comes of a family of Anarchists. Employed originally as a clerk in Paris, he soon tired of that unexciting and harmless occupation, and became a militant Anarchist. By dint of hard work he obtained several scholarships, and finally took the degree of *Baccalauréat ès Sciences* at the Sorbonne in 1888. He then became a journalist on the staff of the Anarchist paper, *En Dehors*. London is cited in all the French papers as being the head-quarters of Socialists, Anarchists, and all other agitators, and it is thought that Henry concocted his diabolical scheme there. He narrowly escaped being lynched on his way to prison, and it is entirely due to the courage of the police that he was not.

The brave policeman, Poisson by name, has been suitably rewarded for his courage in attacking the infuriated man, on whom were found three revolvers and two large daggers. M. Lépine, Prefect of Police, visited his subordinate the next morning, and fastened the cross of a Knight of the Legion of Honour on his breast, bestowed by the Minister of the Interior, who also visited the poor man the following day and complimented him much on his bravery. Poisson already has the medals for Tonkin and Cambodia, and only two weeks ago, at imminent risk to his life, stopped a runaway horse and cart on the boulevards. It is very satisfactory to note that he is not very severely wounded, owing to one bullet having glanced off his purse, which otherwise must have proved fatal.

A curé of Moulins has just had a great stroke of unexpected good luck. While staying in Paris for a few hours he happened to look into an old curiosity shop near the Bastille, and saw an old picture, grimy and covered with dust, which took his fancy, and, accordingly, went in and bought it for eight francs. On being cleaned up, it was discovered to be a portrait of Melancthon, the great friend of Martin Luther, painted by Albert Dürer and dated 1520. Naturally, it is an extremely valuable painting, and will command almost any price.

It may be remembered that Maître Waldeck-Rousseau defended M. Max Lebaudy in the recent *conseil judiciaire* lawsuit. In the course of his pleading this learned advocate stated that Lebaudy père objected strongly to his daughter marrying the Comte de Fels, a journalist and reporter, and that Madame Lebaudy "had taken her daughter and future son-in-law to render the marriage inevitable." At the time that this appeared in the papers the Comte de Fels was yachting in the Mediterranean, but sent his seconds to M. Waldeck-Rousseau to demand reparation for "the calumny so lightly preferred by him against the Comtesse de Fels." The seconds of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, M. du Bruit and General the Marquis de Galliffet, contended that there was nothing insulting or to be retracted in the official account of the passage, and therefore refused a duel. The Comte de Fels then wrote to his seconds saying, "A man capable of calumniating a woman must needs give way before a sword." There the matter ended, until a short time after, just as M. Waldeck-Rousseau was leaving the Court of Appeal, he was confronted by the Comte de Fels, who dashed a white glove in the barrister's face, exclaiming, "That is what is done to cowards, so you may consider yourself thrashed by me." A very forcible answer was given to this taunt, which took the form of a severe blow in the face, and the Comte de Fels found himself on the ground, with his hat several yards away from him. Of course, a duel is the outcome of this exciting incident.

A very curious loss has been sustained recently by a gentleman living at St. Denis. He carefully hid the sum of 10,000 francs, in 100 franc notes, up the chimney of his *salon*, not caring about sending them to a bank just then. It being rather cold one evening, he thoughtlessly had a fire lighted, and, when too late, remembered his bank-notes. Nothing remained but the ashes. These, however, he collected with infinite care, and then brought a claim against the Bank of France for the amount thus singularly lost. The ashes have been given to an expert to examine, and it will depend upon his report as to what the bank decides to do.

The Lafayette Home, having for its object assistance to American girls studying in Paris, has proved a dreadful *fiasco*. Mrs. Walden Pell and Dr. Evans were the two founders, but the latter soon retired, as the lady superintendent couldn't agree with him. At present there is every likelihood of the entire scheme falling through, notwithstanding the large sums of money already collected for the Home. It seems a pity that this should be the termination of a project which promised to supply a want.

MIMOSA.



SMALL TALK.

According to present arrangements, the Queen is to leave Windsor Castle on the morning of Monday, March 19, for Portsmouth Harbour, where the royal party will embark on board the Victoria and Albert, which is to start for Cherbourg as soon as the luggage has been transferred. On reaching Cherbourg the Queen will dine on board the yacht, and directly after dinner her Majesty is to start from the harbour station, travelling in her own private saloon carriages, which are now being renovated and redecked at Brussels, where they are permanently kept. The royal train will pass round Paris by the Circular Railway very early on Tuesday morning, and the Queen will breakfast at Macon and dine at Turin. On Wednesday morning the royal party will stop at

The Queen is to hold two Councils during her residence at Windsor Castle, one next week, and the other a few days before her departure for Italy.

The patriarch of our Baronets, Sir Harry Verney, who has just passed away after a happily brief illness, had "warmed both hands at the fire of life." His career was wonderfully varied. He was interested in diplomacy, in Parliamentary life, where he was known for fifty years, in social life, where he played a prominent part as a host, entertaining at Claydon House most of the famous personalities of the reign, and as a benevolent landlord, whose steady aim was to make life brighter and more elevating for those about him. He was youthful to the end, riding, walking, running, speaking, skating, like a man of twenty-five instead of ninety-three. He recalls to me the little anecdote told recently of the



THE LATE RIGHT HON. SIR HARRY VERNEY, BART., AT CLAYDON HOUSE, BUCKS.

Photo by S. G. Payne, Aylesbury.

Pisa for breakfast, and the Queen is to arrive at Florence late on Thursday afternoon. The various alterations at the Villa Fabbriotti are now completed, and the special furniture despatched for the Queen's use is being got into position as quickly as possible. The Queen will not take either a lord- or groom-in-waiting to Florence, and the suite is to be limited to Lady Churchill as lady-in-waiting; Sir Henry Ponsonby, private secretary and general manager; a maid of honour; Major Bigge, equerry and assistant-secretary; Dr. Reid, resident medical attendant; and the inevitable Munshi and his *entourage*.

The Queen's journeys to the Continent entail an immense amount of work on the railway officials of the different lines over which the royal train has to pass. Mr. Dossé, her Majesty's Director of Continental Journeys, to give him his full style and title, is often engaged for days settling the various arrangements for a journey. All the ordinary traffic has to be entirely suspended during the progress of the royal special, so that the whole time-table of a railway has for that particular day to be more or less altered. Mr. Dossé, who has been staying at Florence for the last fortnight, has now completed all arrangements for the Queen's journey with the officials of the various railway companies. Mr. Dossé will travel with the Queen's train, and is to remain in attendance until her Majesty returns to England.

late James Russell Lowell, who, passing the Hospital for Incurable Children, said to a friend, "That is where they will have to send me some day."

I was rather amused at a statement in one of the daily papers that Miss Florence Nightingale, sister-in-law to Sir Harry Verney, "devoted herself to the care" of the late Baronet's health. Possibly it is quite true; but I recollect Sir Harry saying, "You must come and see one of the best women in the world, Miss Nightingale. She's getting an old lady now, and I have to take a lot of care of her." It was quite touching to see the affectionate assiduity which the venerable gentleman lavished over the "Lady of the Lamp"—"Santa Filomena," as Longfellow poetically named Miss Nightingale—who spent some months in each year at her brother-in-law's house in Buckinghamshire. Sir Harry Verney was an adept at clear and concise letter-writing, of which he never seemed to tire. I saw, the other day, two sheets carefully penned by the aged Baronet, in which he contrasted very forcibly and optimistically the social advantages of to-day as compared with sixty years back. He wrote not long ago a most interesting letter to the *Times* on the same topic. His was a happy mind, pervaded with "true religion and undefiled," and of him may be said, as was said of John Bright, "*Felix opportunitate mortis.*"

The Midland Railway Literary Institute at Derby is an organisation of old standing, but it has taken a new lease of life by taking up its quarters in the new building, which was opened on Thursday by its president, Mr. George Ernest Paget, who is chairman of the company.



MIDLAND RAILWAY LITERARY INSTITUTE: READING-ROOM.

The Institute has long since outgrown in point of membership and other respects the accommodation originally provided for it, and with the extension of the frontage of the railway station an opportunity was seized for erecting, on adjacent property possessed by the company, a structure of sufficient magnitude to comply with present-day necessities. The building operations have extended over a year and a half, and the Institute is now an accomplished fact. Its objects are well in keeping with the educational spirit of the age, the mental culture and social comfort of the members being provided for in a comprehensive manner. The building comprises a library with shelving capacity for 14,000 to 16,000 volumes, a commodious news-room, magazine and writing room, three class-rooms, chess and card room, billiard-room with three tables, lecture and concert hall capable of seating upwards of five hundred people, coffee-room, and other facilities. The whole structure covers an area of 960 square yards. It is built of pressed red brick with terra-cotta dressings, and provided with electric light throughout, which in the concert hall is so arranged as to permit of various stage effects. On the whole, the concert hall is, perhaps, the most elaborate part of the interior of the building, and is certainly one of the finest in the town.

Serious Socialists sneer at the Royal Commission on Labour. They say that it has done nothing. I tell them they are wrong. The Royal Commission on Labour has done a great thing: it has whitewashed the reddest word in the English language. By command of her Majesty there has been presented to both Houses of Parliament a glossary of technical terms. Here, then, we may naturally look for the Queen's English. And I find that naughty word put down as a technical term, and deprived of all its vulgarity, if not of all its grossness. I had imagined that it was generally an adjective, an adjectival adjective. The compiler



MIDLAND RAILWAY LITERARY INSTITUTE: LECTURE AND CONCERT HALL.

of the glossary which has been "presented" by command of her Majesty has found out that it is "an adverb used as an intensive." That definition, standing by itself, would make the word respectable; it ought, in Carlylean phrase, henceforth to keep a gig. The word, we are further told, "is in general colloquial use among the lowest classes, and is

frequently used as a qualifying adjective, but its derivation attaches no sanguinary meaning to it."

I should like to know the Dr. Johnson of the Labour Commission's glossary: he is so innocent. He reaches the height of sublimity when he proves that the word is a classic expletive by quotations from the writings of Dryden and Swift; but he almost o'erleaps himself when he derives this blushful word from the Anglo-Saxon *blodig*, which means nothing in the whole world but simply "very." In fact, when we have been blaming the vulgar for swearing they have only been more learned than we, and justifying their Anglo-Saxon descent. Ibsen should write a new play on this word to establish beyond a doubt the theory of heredity. At all events, it is comforting to learn that when common folk paint their language red they have the Royal Commission on Labour, with a duke at its head, to justify them. A situation like this tends to cement the union between the classes of society.

Are you interested in "technical terms"? There is another word which has become Queen's English in the only possible way in the absence of an English Academy. Have you ever heard of "cag-mag"? Dickens knew of it when he made his character say that everything depended on Mr. Jaggerth—"all others is cag-maggerth." Few people have probably imagined that there was such a word as "cag-mag." They may henceforth use it "by command of her Majesty." It means, according to the compiler of the "Labour Glossary," "the odds and ends of meat." Figuratively, it would mean what the fastidious would reject. Mr. Sala thinks it has an original reference to idle chatter. It seems to be still used extensively at the docks, and now that the Queen has presented it to Parliament it will doubtless become a "society" expression. George Meredith says somewhere that the unity of the community depends upon the similarity of language between the highest and the lowest. The House of Lords is safe so long as the haughty



MIDLAND RAILWAY LITERARY INSTITUTE: LIBRARY.

marquis talks the slang of the agricultural labourer. Lord Salisbury might take the hint, and describe Lord Kimberley's speeches as "cag-mag."

The British showman is giving us to understand that he does not intend to be "put upon." He gains an honest, if somewhat precarious, livelihood by the sale of his wares or the manifestation of the mysteries appertaining to his "peep-show," and he looks upon himself as a respectable and law-abiding member of the community. At the present time he has good cause to be dissatisfied with the arrangements proposed to be made by the sanitary authorities under the Movable Dwellings Bill, which would empower the officer of the local sanitary authority to enter his van at any hour of the day or night. Now, as the local sanitary authority's officer is, in many cases, the village policeman, that worthy functionary will have it in his power to intrude on the privacy of the showman's abode whenever he pleases. Very naturally, the occupier of a van thus honoured would object to the sudden entrance of the "gentleman in blue," especially as the latter is not generally an individual blessed with a superfluity of tact or courtesy. I certainly think that the authorities should attend to this grievance.

And then with regard to the educational facilities accorded to the showman's children. Under the existing arrangements the only teaching doled out to these little nomads is that which is voluntarily undertaken by certain philanthropic persons, who go about the country in vans of their own, and instruct the showman's children whenever and wherever they get the opportunity. The work is entirely voluntary, and is, I think, deserving of special recognition. A lady named Miss Millington does all she can in this good cause, and she is assisted by the Rev. T. Horne—who was specially appointed hon. chaplain to the Showmen's Association by the Archbishop of York—and others. Although van-dwellers frequently take their children to the Board schools of the places in which they set up their shows, the head-masters in most instances contrive to wriggle out of taking the children in.

Mrs. H. L. Clark, one of the best known of English lady cyclists, has had the laudable ambition to invent a dress for women's wear in taking that exercise which shall be at once smart, modest, and convenient. The outcome of many trials is a costume that any modest English girl may wear, if she once makes up her mind that it is allowable for her to reveal to the world that a woman is a biped. Mrs. Clark's dress consists of full tweed knickers, which button round under the knee, but imperceptibly, since the tops fall over so far as to hide the fastening strap; they are made to open at the sides, and the front half band is affixed to a string to tie round the waist, while the back buttons on to the front. Over the knickers comes a very smartly cut coat of the same stuff, with a basque precisely long enough to just come to the bar of the machine as the rider sits, and that is nineteen inches in depth from the waist-line. The basque is three yards round, and this allows of its being hooked down to



MRS. CLARK. Photo by Russell and Sons, Wimbledon.

midway between the waist and the knee, so that there is room in riding for the knee action, and yet the figure is not defined in front with the clearness that finds favour in French eyes, but which we are not as yet educated up to for respectable ladies of private station. The coat is double-breasted in front, and shows a stiff white collar and dickey, and the waist is so tight that there can be no occasion to indiscreetly ask if the young lady is wearing stays—their presence “jumps to the eye,” for the natural figure of even a slender woman is not so stiff and high as hers. Smartness is gained, perhaps, by the tall white linen collar and moulded waist, but, certainly, it is so at the price of ideal comfort and hygiene in a dress for exercise. Mrs. Clark, it may be added, gained a prize offered by a cycling authority for the best portrait of a lady cyclist in position on her machine and in ordinary attire prior to adopting this new costume.

A good all-round sportsman, and perhaps with that the best pigeon-shot of his time—which is saying a good deal in these days of Hurlingham and Monte Carlo prowess—has gone out of sight in the person of Mr. Rudolph Kerr, Lord Dunraven's brother-in-law. A well-known figure on the decks of the Valkyrie or Vigilant, Mr. Kerr will be particularly mourned at Cowes, where his nautical knowledge and pleasant manner won him a reputation all his own. He marched with the times in the matter of sanitary burial reforms, too, and always declared that Woking should be his final destination. So, accordingly, his cremation took place at the Necropolis, a few friends travelling down to that dismal bourne, among whom were Lords Frederick Kerr, Northesk, and Alwyne Compton.

The Covent Garden Fancy-dress Balls must look to their laurels. Mr. Albert Gilmer, the Alhambra's acting-manager, tells me of a great scheme he has fathered. The Queen's Hall, in Langham Place, will, on the evening of March 8, hear numerous “sounds of revelry by night,” for it will contain the first of a series of Carnival balls. It will be transformed to a picture of the Mabilie Gardens of Paris; there will be a wealth of palms, ferns, and flowers; the Coldstream Guards will discourse sweet music; the first balcony will be transformed to a supper room, from which the feasters can watch the revels. The menu will be printed on the programme; the waiters will be picked and English; all champagne will be of the year of grace '84, and of reasonable price.

By-the-way, it was stated in these columns that the dress worn by Mrs. Fred Taylor, which won the first prize at the first ball of the season at Covent Garden, was designed by Mrs. May, whereas that credit should have been assigned to Mr. Alfred Chasemore, whose dainty damozels in *Judy* are so familiar. Mrs. May made the dress from Mr. Chasemore's design.

The night was young, the Empire close at hand, and I reflected with a feeling akin to shame that I had seen “Katrina” only thirty-seven times. Anxious to repair this neglect, I strolled in and witnessed the performance. How charming it is! I watched the wondrous harmony of light and colour, listened to the music “burning at heart like wine,” envied the *chef d'orchestre*, whose privilege it is to see the ballet six nights a week, and, finally, feeling the Swinburnian spirit strong upon me, evolved the following—

A burden of the ballet, sound and light,
With harmonies in purple, gold, and blue,
And divers colours which are not so bright,
And some of an entirely sombre hue;
Most charming girls, who pirouette and twirl,
Which is, I'm told, the proper thing to do,
And ladies standing stiffly on one toe,
Striving, with cast-iron smile, to work our passions woe.

The following day, a truant disposition and the Metropolitan Railway took me to the district devoted to Art and Dolores—that is, St. John's Wood. I carefully selected such artists as are model men, and found out what they were doing for the Academy. Some said that the Academy had done nothing for them, others that they would like to do for the Academy *in toto*. But there were some who were well disposed, and from them I gathered many entertaining pieces of news. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon has returned to the nude with an “Echo and Narcissus”; he is also painting a portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mr. Arthur Hacker, the last of the Associates, will present a picture inspired by a passage from the “Morte d'Arthur”; he has also painted Mr. Onslow Ford. Mr. Hubert Herkomer, R.A., will exhibit “Miss Letty Lind Dancing.” Miss Ethel Wright gives us “The Return of Pierrot,” suggested by “L'Enfant Prodiges,” and Mr. Alfred East has a sea instead of a land-scape. Other painters seem anxious to shroud their work in mystery until Show Sunday, and one can hardly blame their reticence.

The month of May will see a very novel exhibition at the Grafton Gallery. It will take the form of a collection of all Beauty's secrets which have been in vogue since the Stuart period. A very representative committee of ladies, which includes the Duchess of Westminster, her Grace of Portland, and the Countess of Granby, is superintending what should be the event of the season. By-the-way, Londoners are beginning to take advantage of the other benefits conferred by the directorate of the Grafton: they are using the beautiful apartments of the Dilettante Society for their receptions, dinner parties, and other festive entertainments. Thus they avoid all the trouble of turning their homes inside out, and can enjoy the beauty of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits at the same time.

The theatrical depression of the past year, and the low ebb to which the actor-manager system has reduced artistic promotion, have together resulted in what will prove a novel experiment. Certain capitalists who are interested in the stage intend to take a theatre and run it upon new and startling lines. A committee—not composed of dramatic critics—will pass judgment upon all plays submitted, no pieces will be put on for a long run, and no play will be doctored to permit one man or one woman to monopolise the stage. The syndicate, being sufficiently well off, will not have to depend upon well-known dramatists, which suggests a happy time for the budding Shaksperes we all know. There are many other curious and well-thought-out plans, but for the present I am bound to secesy. The only other theatrical news which is not yet public is that in all probability Mr. Tree will, when “The Charlatan” is over, produce a piece, yeapt “The Talisman,” which Mr. Louis Parker is at present translating from the German.

A subscription list has been opened for the purpose of obtaining the needful funds to erect a memorial to the late Colonel Fitzgerald in the chapel of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea. Prince Edward, Sir Patrick Grant, and General Sir R. H. Buller are on the committee. For my part, I think that all ranks of the Army should give a helping hand. How one misses the poor Colonel in Waterloo Place, on his way to the “Junior”! It only seems to be but yesterday to me when we were standing on the club landing, talking about the newly commissioned pictures, by Wyllie, for the stair walls,



HUNGER



MISS NETHERSOLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A CHAT WITH MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

With Photographs from "The Transgressor," by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

I never felt such an unmitigated brute in my life. Constant interviewing hardens a creature, steels the heart against touching appeals for secrecy, and enables one to resist the most emphatic hints—unless accompanied by actual violence—that one is superfluous. Yet, when I thought that behind the door was a young girl who had just played a very arduous part and must be fatigued in body and mind, who, in addition, was



MR. ARTHUR ELWOOD (ERIC LANGLEY) AND MISS NETHERSOLE (SYLVIA).

SYLVIA: "I knew you were fond of me a long time before you said so."

ERIC: "You did—how?"

SYLVIA: "Oh! all women know."

supposed by rumour to have the terrible second-night anxiety of an actress-manageress, while in front was an impertinent collection of questions who had just escaped a sudden death at the hurried hands of violent scene-shifters, I almost relented. However, she looked as calm as a mountain lake. She was sitting on a simple bent-wood chair in the costume of the last act of "The Transgressor"—a tea gown à la Sarah Bernhardt, square-cut in the throat, with loosely hanging drapery of *crêpe de Chine* front and back over heavy clinging under-dress of lilac, brought together by a gorgeous girdle with heavy pendant; the long, transparent sleeves were decorated with a silk fringe, looking rather like the dorsal fin of a fish.

"Miss Nethersole," I said, "I am not going to bother you with a lot of questions about your career, for I have had the pleasure—a very sincere pleasure, too—of seeing almost all your appearances in London. I missed the first, in 'Union Jack' at the Adelphi, but remember well 'The Dean's Daughter' in 1888, and the delight that the critics felt at seeing a new actress, whose limits no one could guess. I recollect a line that I wrote in the *Artist* at the time: 'It will be her own fault if she does not become an actress of first importance—she has a charming and expressive face, a good carriage, and powerful, sweet, flexible voice.' Next came your Lola in 'The Silver Falls' at the Adelphi, the beginning of your 'wicked woman' career. Then was your startling success in 'La Tosca' at the Garrick. After that we missed you. Did you like Australia?"

"Not much at first; but when I joined forces with Mr. Charles Cartwright I had a pleasant time, and profitable in more ways than one."

"One was the improvement in technique. I remember how I noticed it in your admirable performance in 'A Fool's Paradise.' Yet, it was in 'Agatha' that the definite triumph came. We all recollect 'Agatha,' afterwards 'A Silent Battle,' and the immense effect of your playing in the last act. It is not too much to say that you drew the town to see the piece. The last important matter was the Zieka in the Garrick revival of 'Diplomacy.'"

"What do you think of 'The Transgressor'?" she asked suddenly. "I haven't an opinion left. I've already written three notices, and not recovered from them; but—"

"Excuse me," said someone who came in hastily, "how about the cuts? The people are all leaving the theatre, and—yes, we made the wait two minutes shorter to-night; it's still too long; but there's so little room to move scenery, and—yes, the people work very hard."

Exit Mr. Moss. "Do I like acting? Why, it's the only thing worth living for. Life seems so petty in its emotions; but to be on the boards—to find your heart swelling—it makes me feel sometimes as if—as if something would give way. To me it is the real life. No; I don't, of course, agree with those who think that the player does not feel. When I read a part, to begin with, it always suggests to me how it should be dressed. What do you think? I'm one of the few English actresses who know how to dress."

"Yes, you certainly are," I said. "There are not half a dozen who can wear a handsome modern dress of any originality without looking out of place. By-the-bye, I see your white satin in the third act has a daffodil design, such as there was on an exquisite gown you wore in 'A Fool's Paradise.' I remember Dudley Hardy and myself talking about that gown, and wondering if we dare ask for a bit of it when you had done with it. We both have a mania for rich stuffs."

"Then I soon begin to know the part—oh, not the words; that's easy enough—and to live with it and feel with it, till I seem to lose my own identity."

"I hope you'll never lose it, for you are very unlikely to find another as charming." However, she went straight on, without noticing my remark.

"Of course, I keep my feelings within some bounds, and, as the absorption is gradual, I am mistress of myself during the rehearsals, and have worked out all the mechanical questions by the first night. It's a wonderful thing to feel and express big emotions, but I suspect that it ages one quickly. I should like to play one great part in every class of play, yes, down to low comedy, and then—I don't care what happens!"

I did not venture to smile, but it seemed comic to watch the handsome girl in the strange tea gown, with the hair à la Madone, but a little ruffled, as she said this with perfect gravity. To be and to look just at the threshold of life, to seem quite fresh after an exhausting performance, and yet sum up human life in such a fashion, suggested curious contradictions.

"Or else I'd like to travel, to travel I don't know where—everywhere. Do you know Ceylon? I stayed there a few days—it's



MISS BESSIE HATTON (CONSTANCE) AND MISS NETHERSOLE.

SYLVIA: "You have always told me that you never knew your mother, Constance. Where was she buried?"

CONSTANCE: "In Italy."

SYLVIA: "Has your father never told you where?"

CONSTANCE: "No."

fascinating. Yes; I believe that in real life a woman would forgive, as in 'The Transgressor.' Women who really love can pardon even a crime committed against themselves out of love for them. Would the woman be happy with him afterwards? I don't know. I do not think that women when they love ask whether they will be happy afterwards."

Here we fell into a long discussion as to women, men, love, and marriage, and in her talk she showed a really remarkable freshness



MISS HATTON, MR. ELWOOD, MISS NETHERSOLE, AND
MR. FERNANDEZ (COLONEL FOSTER).

SYLVIA: "Our union will be a holiness mere law-linked lives can never know."

and fulness of thought. Indeed, she is an admirable talker, in both matter and manner, and has the delightful gift of suggesting ideas that serve as subject for the person so happy as to be talking with her. Just as we were discussing the question of the English versus French marriages, her dresser came in—"Under the Clock" is almost over."

"And I must apologise for taking up so much of your time and keeping you so late, and I hope to renew our talk on the hundredth night of 'The Transgressor,' if not earlier."

MONOCLE.

A GOVERNOR AS COMPOSER.

The Governor of Western Australia, Sir W. C. F. Robinson, has (says a correspondent) just produced an operetta, entitled "The Handsome Ransom; or, The Brigand's Bride," which was played at Government House, Perth, on Jan. 11, by a company of distinguished amateurs, in the presence of a large and appreciative audience. This is the first time his Excellency has undertaken so ambitious a work, although he has long been known as the writer of several pleasing songs and well-harmonised vocal pieces, "Remember me no more," "Thou art my soul," "I love thee so," and a beautiful setting of "Brief life is here our portion" being among the greatest favourites. The music of this operetta is particularly tuneful, and some of the numbers, such as "Sweet English maiden" and "Viva l'Amore," which, while they are introduced as solos, reappear in duet and chorus form, are melodies which are likely to increase greatly the popularity of their composer. A graceful gavotte is also introduced in the piece, which was well danced, and added much to the pleasing effect of the performance.

The following item deserves a place among any collection of theatrical oddities. In the cast of Pailleron's new play, "Cabotins," now being performed at the Comédie Française, are included a First Reporter, a Second Reporter, and a Reporteresse, parts to be played respectively by MM. Rosenberg and Jahyer and Madame Hadamard. English lady journalists might make a note of the term "reporteresse."

IN A DANCING SCHOOL.

One afternoon last week I threaded the purlieu of Tottenham Court Road. I don't know how I did it, not being certain as to what a purlieu is; but the expression reads well, and is worth its weight in printer's ink. Having finished threading, I reached the Athenæum Hall, the headquarters of the National School of Dancing. There I inquired for Madame Katti Lanner, but she was out, for the Lyceum detained her. Disappointed, but not dismayed, I pursued the even tenour of my way through the swing-doors and into the hall. There I found Signor Barratti, to whom was attached a violin, divers small girls practising, and a chair. I saluted the first, listened to the second, watched the third, and sat down on the last. Then the violin played and the girls danced—pirouetting, standing on the tips of their toes, and indulging in all sorts and conditions of Terpsichorean gymnastics. It was but a small class, as nearly all Madame's pupils have been snapped up by the pantomime purveyor. There could not have been more than a dozen children, their ages ranging from eight to fifteen years. I spent a very pleasant hour at the Athenæum Hall. Signor Barratti is a remarkably painstaking teacher, and his English is worth going a long way to hear. He went round himself, violin in hand, explaining how everything should be done, and giving quaint but expressive instruction. "High your leg and down your arm," he said to one clever little child. Then he performed the required evolution. "That you nevaire," he added; "you are too steeffe." The girls put forward all their efforts to please him; he corrected their faults and encouraged them to persevere. How industrious every one of them seemed! They glided past my chair, and time passed over my head; the gas was lighted, the violin grew angry and squeaked, and a lot more ordinary events happened. I gathered myself up and departed, while thoughts of the poetry of motion filled my mind with doggerel—

The shades of night were falling fast,
As down the Tottenham Court Road passed
A Pressman who—

There my inspiration came to a full-stop, to my great grief. Fortunately, it recovered, and as I walked along it took Swinburnian shape. I sang—

Dusk lies dim on the Tottenham Court Road,
Dim and desolate, dark and dank,
'Buses pass with a cheaply bought load,
Drawn by quadrupeds lean and lank;
Passing palace and store and work'us,
Turning to Holborn or Oxford Circus,
Pirate 'buses trying to burke us,
Charging tuppence to Park and Bank.

B.



MR. SEYMOUR HICKS (DR. HURST), MR. ELWOOD, AND
MR. BUCKLAW (REV. HENRY MEREDITH).

LANGLEY: "Have you no mercy, no charity—the watchword of your sacred office?"
MEREDITH: "I know my duty, and must do it."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AN EPISODE IN MARRIED LIFE.

By
GEORGE MOORE.



she was the only virtuous woman in her set; she was the only one against whom no one could say anything. That was, at least, something.

The *coupé* entered the Rue de Varennes, and stopped at a large corner house. As the coachman turned his horse into the *porte cochère* Mr. James Mason slipped aside to let the carriage pass.

He was thin, tall, fair—a typical young Englishman. This was his first visit to M. Renoir; the publication of the translation of his novel in the *Revue* had procured for him the invitation. He waited on the pavement's edge, for the *coupé* was standing in the passage in front of the glass door opening on to the staircase. The door of the *coupé* opened, and, all pink, Madame de Beausac stepped out. "There is entertainment in that

waist," thought Mason; and a love story—a vision of blue-black hair and pink dress—passed through his mind. He smiled at the idea that a passing appearance had inspired in him. But, truly, she seemed to mean more than the others; she seemed significant of something, and he regretted that he would never see her again. He heard the hollow sound of her horses' hoofs on the asphalt of the courtyard as he ran, hoping to catch a last glimpse of her on the staircase: but she had already stopped, and, looking up, he saw the entertaining waist disappearing through a door. "I shall never see her again," he thought. He sighed, and

On May 15, 1885, Madame de Beausac was dining with her cousin, a well-known writer and Academician, who lived in an old street in the Faubourg St. Germain. As she drove there through the clear and fine twilight of the Champs Elysées, she thought of the novel she was reading in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. She had read the first instalment, and was interested in the story. The second instalment was just published, and she regretted she had not had time to glance through it, for she was going to meet the author, Mr. James Mason, at dinner.

The roadway was full of carriages, and Madame de Beausac's thoughts grew vaguer and more dream-like as she lay back on the blue cushions of her *coupé* and admired the chestnut trees, now full of white bloom. She had never felt happier in spirit or in flesh. As the *coupé* passed round the Place de la Concorde life seemed a perfect gift; the tumult of the fountains was loud in the still air and every line of roof was sharp and delicate in the elusive light. And thinking of Mr. Mason and his heroine, a woman of thirty, who reminded her of herself, Madame de Beausac noticed as the *coupé* passed over the Pont Neuf that the Seine seemed a little river in comparison with the wide flowing Thames. She had spent her honeymoon in London, and she wondered if she had really loved her husband. All that was a long while ago, and young men who would declare their passion if she held out ever so little encouragement did not interest her at all. She supposed that she was different from other women. All the women she knew had lovers;



He watched her dark, thin shoulders disappear through the doorway.

remembered that he had forgotten to ask on which floor M. Renoir lived, and when the *concierge* said "*Au premier*" he was genuinely taken aback. Then he would meet the lady of his sudden admiration in M. Renoir's drawing-room; they were going to dine together!

Mason had spent the larger part of his thirty-three years talking to women, thinking about women, observing women, and formulating his impressions of women. He could, therefore, divine their thoughts through their slightest actions. He had already noticed that Madame de Beausac was looking thin. But he had to speak to his hostess. When the conversation paused and he looked up, he found to his pleasure and surprise that Madame de Beausac's eyes were still fixed upon him. "Upon my word, it would seem as if—it may be no more than curiosity. However, I shall soon know. If she looks at me again in that way before the *entrée*, I shall know it is all right." Mason talked to his hostess about indifferent things until the servants came in with the *entrée*. Then he looked up. Madame de Beausac's eyes were fixed upon him. "That's all right," he thought. And so sure did he now feel of her love that he had begun to fear the indiscretion of her eyes before the *entremet* was handed round. "She must take me for a fool if she thinks I do not understand." And he tried to compose a look which could be interpreted, "We'll settle all that in the drawing-room after dinner."

He had expected to find her waiting for him, but, very much to his surprise, she sat down at the card-table and played whist for an hour, and Mason talked to various people, looking at her from time to time, but she sat, her eyes fixed on her cards. "Most strange," he thought. "I could have sworn it; I'm not often mistaken." Soon after he heard that she was going to a ball at half-past ten. "I sha'n't have an opportunity of even speaking to her," he thought, and his eyes went to the clock. Madame de Beausac's eyes had also gone to the clock, and, seeing how late it was, she got up from the card-table, and came towards him, pulling her fingers into the long mauve kid.

They sat down together, as far from the others as possible. She told him she had often heard of him, that she had read the first part of his book, and would read the second to-morrow. She had liked the story very much indeed. If he would come and see her to-morrow, she would tell him what she thought of the second part of his novel.

"Unfortunately," she said, raising her eyes, "it is my 'At Home' day."

"That is unfortunate. You're going now to a ball: cannot you send some excuse?" he said, looking round to assure himself that no one was within earshot.

"Impossible," she said; "I have to meet my husband there," and her black eyes seemed to look down in his very soul. "You will come, won't you? I want to see you."

Madame de Beausac seemed to be quite beside herself. Conversation was impossible under the circumstances. Mason was afraid that they would be noticed. The moment was full of peril, and he was glad when she said "I must go now, so little suffices to upset these kind of things," and he watched her dark, thin shoulders disappear through the doorway, and wondered what developments to-morrow's visit would bring forth.

Never in all his experience had he provoked so extravagant a passion, a passion so utterly uncontrollable. He wondered; he was really curious to see how it would turn out.

At the ball Madame de Beausac wore a strange, melancholy air; she danced hardly at all, and asked her husband, much to his satisfaction, to take her home before the cotillon. Not a word was exchanged in the carriage, but when they were alone in their room she said, laying her arm on his shoulder and looking at him sadly—

"I wonder, Albert, if you still like me?"

"My dear, what makes you ask me such a question? I hope that no one has—"

"No, no, nothing of that. No one has told me stories about you.

I was only thinking—it is four years since we were married; four years ago we were in London; I did love you then, didn't I?—and you—you were crazy about me. I wonder if you've been true to me all this while. Tell me; I shall forgive you; tell me," she said, raising her eyes from white roses of the Aubusson carpet and looking at him earnestly.

"True to you, my dear? Of course."

"Will you swear it?"

"Berthe, someone must—"

"No, dear, no one has. Only I want to know."

Madame de Beausac sighed deeply, her hand fell from his shoulder, and she watched her husband take off his coat. It seemed to her that he had grown stouter since breakfast, and she took up the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, sat down, and wondered.

"Aren't you coming to bed?" he said, laying his face on the pillow.

"Not yet; I'm going to read."

"I thought you had read the first part of the novel they are publishing in the *Revue*?"

"Yes; but the second part was published to-day."

"Then, good night, dear; I'm rather tired."

"Good night, dear."

When her husband snored Madame de Beausac looked round and breathed a sigh of relief.

Next day, when Mason called on Madame de Beausac, the footman led him through a suite of lofty rooms filled with bronze and tapestries, and it was in the last room, a beautiful room, that he found Madame de Beausac and her company. They were seated about an open window on mauve-

coloured sofas, and the green garden was full of rhododendrons. "Just the kind of mistress that would suit me," thought Mason. He hoped that these ladies and gentlemen would go soon, and that Madame would refrain from looking at him till they were alone. His wishes were gratified. Not once did he catch her looking at him, and he had to console himself with the thought that women always slip into exaggeration. He waited as long as he dared; more ladies arrived, and at a quarter-past four he felt he must go. He bade her good-bye; her eyes were empty of the love he expected to find there, and he walked through the rooms feeling rather crestfallen. Suddenly he became aware that Madame de Beausac had left the guests; they were alone in the ante-room.

"I've read the second part of your novel. You're the young man. Do you run away with the married woman?"

"Do you mean in reality or in fiction?"



A tall white Pierrot, incredibly hideous, stood beside her.

"In reality."

"There's no necessity in running away, is there?"

"Perhaps not," she said. "But we haven't a moment—someone else will ring presently. Are you going to the Prince's masked ball to-night?"

"I haven't an invitation."

"I will send you one."

"What time?"

"Half-past eleven," she whispered, and flew back to her guests.

When Mason had gone Madame de Beusac felt that she had acted very wrongly. She could not understand what had happened to her; something must have happened, for once or twice she thought that she must be going mad. But, mad or sane, the violence of her love did not abate, and she thought vainly how she might combat it. She went to her husband, feeling that a kind word would save her. He took her in his arms, and said she was looking pale; he kissed her, and for a moment she thought she felt better. But the overmastering passion which Mason had inspired in her was not to be swept away by a little uxorial kiss. To free herself from its clutch she must appeal to her child; perhaps her baby's kisses would win her back to reason, and she took little Clare out of her cot.

"Mother is going to a ball. What would baby do if Mother never were to come back?"

Little Clare rubbed her eyes; she was not yet awake, and did not grasp her mother's meaning.

"What would baby do if Mother were never to come back?"

Clare began to cry, and hid her face on her mother's shoulder.

"What would baby do?"

"Die," said the poor little thing, sobbing, and Madame de Beusac laid the little girl back in her cot. She walked down the passage with a firm step: her little girl had saved her; she would not go to the ball. At that moment she caught sight of the dress she had intended to wear, a pink dress, the same she had worn at her cousin's, and, without warning, all the intolerable desire came back, and for a sense of choking in the throat she could hardly answer her maid, who had come to ask her if she would dress now. She sat down, unable to decide. At last she determined to think no more—she would go to the ball. Going to the ball didn't mean—didn't mean—she would go to the ball. She called her maid and dressed hurriedly in the strange calm of mind which follows submission to temptation.

At the same moment Mason was tying his white necktie. He stopped his cab at Baron, the costumier's, intending to hire a Venetian mantle. But as he was trying one on a strange thought came into his mind. Never in all his experience had he provoked so uncontrollable a passion. If he were to put this frantic passion to a severe test? He smiled, and forthwith refused the Venetian mantle and paused to consider what costume he would adopt.

Madame de Beusac was dressed in the pink gown she had worn on the night she had met Mason. She carried a bouquet of orchids in her hand, and she moved forward slowly, shaking hands with her friends, searching amid the crowd for her lover. Suddenly she heard someone call her softly. She knew it was he, and she turned, her face aflame with pleasure. But the look of pleasure vanished, and a little cry of horror escaped her. A tall white Pierrot, incredibly hideous, stood beside her. The white powder seemed to have surprisingly lengthened Mason's long face—he was hideous, ridiculous.

"Don't you like my costume?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, laughing, "I never saw anything like it," and she laughed again.

He asked her to dance; she excused herself, and taking a friend's arm passed up the room.

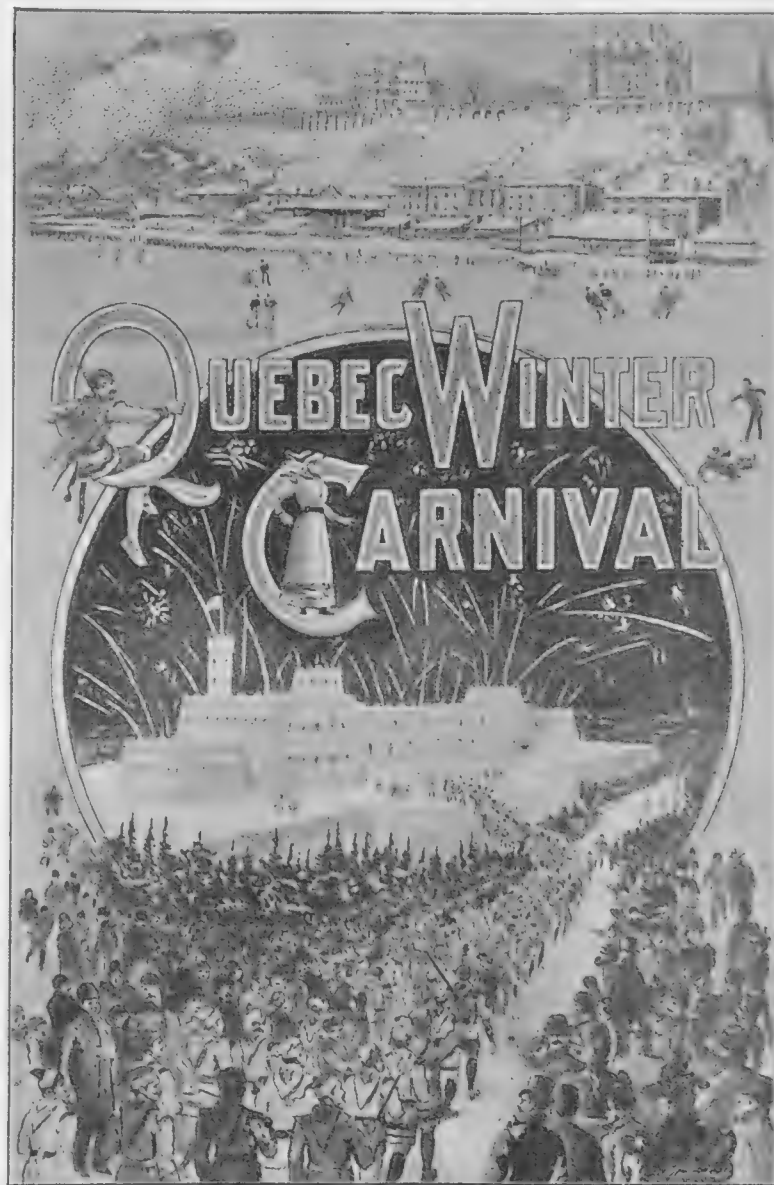
When she returned he asked her to sit out a dance with him. It was difficult to refuse, and she took his arm and they sought a quiet corner. Mason felt he had gone a little too far, but he counted on the charm of his conversation to overcome the effect of the white powder on his face. But the spell was broken—conversation was impossible. She could not tolerate the horrible white face, and got up to go. As she drove home she looked at her husband almost with the same eyes that she had looked at him with four years ago, when they were in London on their honeymoon.

When she arrived home she took little Clare out of her cot and kissed the poor little sleepy face till it was wide awake. And so did a powder-puff save a woman, when other remedies had failed, from the calamity of a great passion.

THE QUEBEC CARNIVAL.

The people of Quebec have been beside themselves with joy for a week and more, and with good cause, too, for have they not shown the purse-proud dollar-hunters of Montreal that the ancient capital knows even better than they how to take part in the merry-makings of Carnival? No one can deny that Nature and history have been far kinder to Quebec than to her sister city on the St. Lawrence in preparation for a festival of this kind. Every summer tourist knows that he has missed one of the world's sights unless he has seen the "Gibraltar of America," the "eagle city on her heights austere," as the Canadian poet calls her. How much more beautiful when Nature's snow mantle sets off her frowning fortress, and makes even the dirty, narrow streets which crowd round the base of Cape Diamond look clean and picturesque. And then think of the historic associations which belong to the site of the great Ice Carnival of 1894. The Pilgrim Fathers were happy, contented English burghers,

and the Mayflower was probably not even thought of, when the French hero Champlain crept up the St. Lawrence with his little band of adventurers, and founded the first military and fur-trading post, which was to prove the beginning of an empire in the West. Close at hand, on the Heights of Abraham, Wolfe and Montcalm met a century and a half later, and settled for ever the fate of French dominion in North America. The Quebec of to-day recalls much of the past. It is pretty well the same dear, sleepy old city that it has ever been. The new Château Frontenac is, it is true, a mighty innovation, and you must travel far before you see another such promenade as the Dufferin Terrace. But the quaint old *calèches*, with their quainter *cochers*, will jog you along the apologies for roads as they ever did; memories of Brittany will come to you as you listen to the jargon and note the costumes in the streets; even the Post Office, with all its show of stone, has not lost its effigy of "*Le Chien d'Or*," and its inscription, "*Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os*," with its memories of the feuds of



the Intendant Bigot; while if you cross the road you will still learn of the "maid of the inn" with whom Nelson in his youth came so near eloping.

This historic element was kept well in mind during the Carnival. There were ice statues of Champlain, the "Father of Canada," of his predecessor in exploration, Jacques Cartier, and De Salaberry, which to the simple-minded inhabitants stood for Napoleon the Great and to some Boston visitors for the hero of Trafalgar. On every hand ice and snow were moulded into fantastic dogs and lions and clowns, while one enterprising citizen very cleverly imitated an historic old fort, in proud reminder of how a handful of French-Canadian volunteers once beat back a much superior force of United States Militia. But the great feature of the Carnival was, of course, the Ice Palace, built out of blocks of ice 14 inches thick, upon the old walls which General Montgomery and his United States forces attacked in vain in the days of the American Revolution. The Ice Fort was 120 feet long, and the two detached towers rose 65 feet in height. Each night the fort and towers were brilliantly illuminated with arc lights, and the Parliamentary buildings close at hand were ablaze from cellar to tower. Tobogganing, lacrosse, hockey, curling, and other games filled the air with sounds of mirth, and for the *élite* was provided a huge toboggan, drawn by six bicycles over the snow at a smart pace. A military review on the Plains of Abraham, the troops wearing snowshoes and the artillery on sleighs, was one of the events of the week; another was a grand ball at Parliament House, opened by Lord and Lady Aberdeen; and, last event of all, a brilliant assault upon the fort by the combined snowshoe clubs in their pretty blanket costume.

"MISS SCOTTIE."

DOG OR DEVIL?

"Talk to 'em, my lad, talk to 'em," I often have heard drovers enjoin their dogs, and in accents sharp and loud they have "talked" with a vengeance. But Miss Scottie has never in her life been heard to bark; however, like the sailor's parrot, there can be no doubt that she thinks the more. Never have I witnessed such indisputable proofs of intelligence in any beast; indeed, one is forced well-nigh to believe in the Buddhist dogma of the transmigration of souls and that in Miss Scottie's body there dwells some human spirit.

Having greater faith in watching Miss Scottie's performances, the wonders of which I had been led to believe approached the marvellous



Photo by Lombardi and Co., Pall Mall East.

"MISS SCOTTIE."

and inexplicable, on my own ground, so to speak, I politely intimated to Mr. Louis Lewis, the gentleman now in charge of the collie, that I would be glad to see him and her at my club. Accordingly she was brought.

Miss Scottie is a white, rough-coated collie, with black-and-tan head and black "saddle," about two years old, and of prize pedigree, being by the Champion Metchley Wonder out of The Lady of the Lake, and own brother to Champion Edgbaston Fox; but she does not possess prize points, and is much too fat. She is a sweet-tempered and very quiet-mannered animal, never having been known, as I was told, to gambol, though she has the character of being able to play a good game of cards.

"Now, Sir, will you kindly give me some proofs of Scottie's vaunted intelligence, and may I be permitted also to test her powers in my own way?" I asked of her custodian.

"Oh, with pleasure, to both your requests. Well, by way of commencement, will you send for a pack of your club cards?" These were brought. "Now, will you select any three you like, and put them down over there on the floor face upwards"—the neighbourhood of the window, as being better lighted, being suggested—"and tell me which card you wish brought."

I chose the six of hearts, the four of spades, and the three of spades, and requested the four of spades to be brought. Scottie proceeded to walk round the cards, but stopped to pick up the desired card in her mouth. I tried the trick again with three other cards: again she was correct. I then proceeded to a severer test, and to prevent any chance of her trainer being able to make her any sign by gesture or by voice I requested him to stand with his hands in his pockets and perfectly motionless away from the dog and in my full view. On this trial I placed three kings of the pack on the ground, but retained the King of Hearts in my hand. I then addressed Scottie as the gentleman had done, "Come along, Scottie, pick up the King of Hearts." She walked round the cards, but passed the three on the ground unnoticed, as the card I had asked for was in my hand, as I knew, and she seemed equally well aware of the fact. I then addressed her again: "Bring me the King of Diamonds," and she immediately did so.

Her trainer then explained to me that the dog knows every card in the pack by name, and will pick out any one from the whole fifty-two

spread on the floor. Similarly, she knows the name of every Cabinet Minister, and will select the card with his printed name on it from the lot thrown down promiscuously. She can spell with cards words of three syllables, can count similarly from one up to a hundred, can differentiate between twenty-four colours, and can add and subtract numbers. Scottie can play both dominoes and "Nap," and is learning whist.

"Well, I should like to see her play a game of 'Nap' very much," I remarked; so I shuffled the cards and dealt her five and myself the same number. Hers were laid in a wide semicircle on the floor. Taking up my own cards, I asked her how many she would "go." She walked and picked up the third card, signifying that she would go three. I elected to call "Pass." Scottie then led off, walking round and picking up the Queen of Diamonds; I played the eight, and she took the trick, of course. The dog then played the seven of spades; I replied with the ten of the same suit and took the trick. I then led with the Queen of Hearts, and Scottie trumped it with the three of diamonds. Next she played the nine of diamonds, and as I had no other trumps she took the third trick. Now, all this time no sign whatever, as far as I could see, was made to her; indeed, Mr. Lewis was willing to stand with his back to the dog. My scepticism respecting the reputed cleverness of Scottie had by now quite vanished. Her performances seemed to me almost the outcome of some supernatural agency, and as if she were endowed with human reason. I could detect no collusion, as the dog took no notice whatever of her trainer.

Scottie then told the time from a white-dialled watch by picking up cards corresponding to the hour, which was twenty-two minutes past four o'clock. She did this repeatedly. I then made another essay to puzzle her. I placed my pocket-book, a letter, a handkerchief, and a card on the floor, and told her to bring the letter. She did it without hesitation. Of course, I was anxious to know how the trick, if any, was managed, but the gentleman assured me there was no dodge at all in it, asserting that the dog knew the names of almost every familiar object.

"Show me how you teach her," I begged.

"Well, will you suggest three objects she is not likely to have heard the names of, and I will show you?" he complacently replied.

So I sent for the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Graphic*, and *The Sketch*.

"Now, which shall I teach her to bring you?" he asked.

"Well, we will say *The Sketch*."

"Look here, Scottie, this is *The Sketch*, *The Sketch*; do you hear? *The Sketch*, *The Sketch*," repeating the name a few times. "Now, Scottie, go and fetch me *The Sketch*." The dog then walked solemnly round, but made no sign. Again she was called on, and this time she turned her nose towards the paper very markedly, but passed on; but at the third trial she walked up to the paper and brought it. Mr. Lewis quite satisfied me that a great number of her performances were efforts of memory; but with respect to her judgment in playing "Nap" I am quite at fault, and must leave the solution to wiser heads.

As a rule, I object to performing animals, on the score that considerable severity may have been used in their training; but I was assured that Scottie had never so much as seen a whip, and from my own experience of dogs and their demeanour I could fully believe the statement. Scottie loves best to put her head on your knee and let you fondle her ears and head, while she looks up at you with her honest yet pathetic eyes after the manner of her breed. That the dog will be in great request at drawing-room "At Homes" there is little doubt; but whether her performance is on sufficiently broad lines to interest and attract music-hall audiences remains to be proved, for she only made her *début* last week. However, judging from the enthusiastic receptions already accorded to her, her success seems assured.

THE COMMON LOT.

If I should praise you as you seem

To one who loves you as I do,

Plain truth would only sound to you
The poet's licensed metric dream.

Yet poetry sometimes must be true!

My common speech were every day

Made up of things that poets say,

If one might say such things to you.

It were extravagant to pose

As one who "finds the garden's grace,

Fresh blooming in his lady's face,"

And yet your face is like a rose!

Your eyes, if each were called "a star,

Whence shines the light of all my days,"

'Twere folly—mere poetic phrase

To call eyes stars, and yet they are!

That mouth—if one should say, "Your kiss

Is more than worth life's best delight,"

'Twould seem a wild poetic flight

To call it priceless—yet it is!

How can one say, "Were she not near,

Life were a load too hard to bear"?

'Tis stereotyped, and yet I swear

I could not live without you, dear.

So let me wear—the good old way—

The motley every lover wears.

My lady is as fair as theirs,

And I, thank God, as wise as they!

E. NESBIT.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

PRANKS BELOW ZERO.*

I never read a volume of this kind without heaving a sigh of compassion for Mrs. Lynn Linton. O the genteel spinsterhood and decorous matronhood of that excellent lady's social gospel! How they are flouted by adventurous woman in these revolutionary times! I weep (after the manner of the Walrus) at the thought of Mrs. Linton's woe when she learns that this book is an account of a visit to Norway in the depth of winter by two ladies, who crossed the frozen Cattegat in a sledge-boat, lived in a mountain hut four thousand feet above the sea-level, with the temperature considerably below zero, ran races in snowshoes, tumbling recklessly into drifts, and wore costumes of which I tremble to quote the horrid details. "Very short skirts, reaching but little below the knee, with large front pockets, made with flaps to keep the snow from entering, very thickly lined black knickerbockers (O Mrs. L!), and no petticoats, scarlet jersey bodices, quite loose and elastic, fastened with a belt; ordinary grey 'ski' caps, something like bicycling caps (bicycling—just think of it!), but with the brim turned right round over the ears; 'ski' gloves, with a thumb and no fingers, like a baby's, knitted of grey wool, and long enough to pull over the sleeve up to the elbow, so that the snow could not get up the sleeve either; very warm woollen Shetland underclothing, warmth and lightness being absolutely indispensable for such exertion." "Ski," which is pronounced "she"—fearful coincidence!—is the Norwegian word for the snowshoes, which are about nine feet long, and which Mrs. Tweedie, in the picture reproduced here from the frontispiece of her volume, is carrying with an athletic independence positively appalling to anyone of Mrs. Linton's way of thinking. Yet the life in the mountain hut is described with a good humour and good sense which are quite invigorating when you have recovered from the shock of the costume. Everything in the house was frozen, and even the bread had to be thawed at the fire. The food consisted chiefly of dainties, thoughtfully packed by Dr. Nansen, whose Arctic experiences had taught him how to coax appetising flavours out of tinned fish and reindeer. At night the bed-room candle was superseded by the Aurora Borealis and fantastic Northern-Lights, which kept the sky in a perfect blaze; but presently a storm rose, and it

was impossible to keep warm under eight blankets and a skin rug, even with the fires replenished every hour. (I think I can see Mrs. Linton smiling grimly.) The old Norwegian servant was made with difficulty to understand that the ladies did not want hot water of a morning in a cream-jug, and so he kept a cauldron of snow constantly melting for people who "used more warm water in a day than he had ever seen in his life." The morning brought sunshine and a magnificent view of the forest and mountains. It was still bitterly cold, and "frozen eyelashes" caused intense discomfort, but nobody minded. The women did not sit down to a good cry, and wish themselves at home with Mrs. Linton. On the contrary, they went out on "ski," and had "some splendid spills that Sunday." I may remark, for the benefit of Sabbatarians, that the Norwegian people, though strict Lutherans, do not sacrifice the Sabbath to orthodox gloom and the public-house, according to the fashion of our own enlightened land. Sunday, after the usual devotional services, is given up to the national sports, especially "ski"; so Mrs. Tweedie and her sister tumbled about in the snow with the utmost serenity of conscience.

Naturally, there is a good deal in Mrs. Tweedie's pages about Dr. Nansen, who has undertaken the most adventurous of all expeditions to the North Pole. The personality of the Swedish explorer, who seems to be a veritable reincarnation of the Viking, is very pleasantly described; and I perceive in the reminiscences of the enthusiasm with which he

spoke of his great enterprise a wistful regret that the flag of audacious womanhood is not yet destined to flutter at the Pole. Mrs. Linton had better prepare herself, however, to witness this undertaking, and to shudder over the female explorer who sleeps in a fur pocket and quenches her thirst with snow slightly diluted with brandy. Another Scandinavian lion who roars as gently as a sucking dove in Mrs. Tweedie's book is the inevitable Ibsen. He stands before us "in shiny black cloth," with shabby buttons (the Button-Moulder of "Peer Gynt" ought to see to this) and a white satin tie. He has "a keen appreciation of a pretty face, and says so"—sly old gentleman!—but what will he say when he learns that in Mrs. Tweedie's opinion the women he now draws in his plays "usually collapse in emancipated shrieks"? A remarkable fact about him is that he never writes without the presence of a trayful of queer little images.

One of them was a small carved wooden bear; "beside it was a little black devil for holding a match, and two or three little cats and rabbits in copper." A cat was playing the violin, which seems to suggest a secret affinity between some of Ibsen's symbolic meanings and the obscure poem about the cat and the fiddle and the cow that jumped over the moon. We have not yet got an Ibsen Society in this country, but when that body is formed one of its first transactions ought to be an inquiry into the character of Ibsen's toy-familiars. "I never write a single line of my dramas," he said impressively to Mrs. Tweedie, "unless that tray and its occupants are before me on the table: I could not write without them. It may seem strange—perhaps it is; but I cannot write without them," he repeated; "but why I use them is my own secret." There is a mystery here which may some day throw a flood of light on one of the subtlest passages in our literature. I wish Mrs. Tweedie had quoted to Ibsen on the spot—

The little dog laughed to see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon;

but, unfortunately, he does not understand our language.

Mrs. Tweedie met Björnson at an evening party at Christiania. The Norwegian evening parties, by-the-way, are strongly suggestive of the social entertainments in Ibsen's dramas, especially the informal meal in "An Enemy of the People," when the younger generation waxes fat in an inner room at the back of the stage on a frightful mixture of tea and cold meat. At the Christiania party the room was decorated with the busts of Björnson, Grieg, and Professor Sars, the "three great Radical leaders" of Norway. Björnson's Radicalism is the most militant side of him, and accentuates his antagonism to Ibsen, whose satire on the "compact Liberal majority" has never been relished by the fiery champions of the people. In this country, I am afraid, we care not a jot about Björnson the Radical, but a good deal about Björnson the literary man, who occasionally forgets high politics and writes a comedy, in which his son plays the principal part, and delights both the author and the Christiania public by imitating some of the parental peculiarities. Of Georg Brandes, the Danish critic, Mrs. Tweedie tells an anecdote which will pierce the souls of translators. A book of Brandes' was translated into American by a casual visitor to Copenhagen who knew no Danish, but relied on the "similarity of the language to German and English" and on a dictionary. "And this is the way books are generally rendered in a foreign language," remarks Mrs. Tweedie, with an injustice which I am sure the long-suffering translators will repay with their wonted magnanimity.

L. F. A.

HARD READING.

MOLLY: "I read a chapter in the Bible this morning, Papa."

MR. SURPRICE (much pleased): "Did you, my dear? That's nice. What was it all about?"

MOLLY (slowly): "Well, it was mostly all begets."—*Judge*.



MRS. TWEEDIE.

* "A Winter Jaunt to Norway." By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. London: Bliss, Sands, and Foster.

MR. BARRY PAIN.

AT HOME IN PINNER.

Mr. Barry Pain finds that London fogs are not conducive to literary work, and he has discovered, within fifteen miles of London, in the beautiful village of Pinner, an ideal worker's retreat. Every room in the dainty cottage, from the hall to the study, bears witness to exceptional artistic and literary taste, and on the walls hang a choice selection of drawings



Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

MR. BARRY PAIN.

and paintings, due to the brush and pencil of the many artists whom Mrs. Barry Pain (the third daughter of Mr. Rudolf Lehmann) counts among her friends, from Sir E. Burne-Jones to Mr. Du Maurier.

Mr. Pain's study is, as far as the visitor can see, not overburdened with literary paraphernalia, but this is explained by your being incidentally told that your host does all his writing on a knee-pad. As he submits to the familiar ordeal of being interviewed, Mr. Pain's pipe is seldom out of his mouth for more than a moment, and he explains apologetically that it is his habit always to smoke steadily through everything, and that he would feel quite at a loss without this small, familiar friend.

"To begin at the beginning, Mr. Pain, when did you first take up literature as a profession? Have you been writing many years?"

"When I was a child, I contributed frequently to a manuscript magazine, and later on, at Sedbergh, the regular school magazine gave me many opportunities of following my bent, but I never edited, or, indeed, seriously thought of becoming a writer till I went to Cambridge. It was shortly after leaving the University that I wrote most of the sketches and stories which were published under the title of 'In a Canadian Canoe.'"

"And what gave you your first real start?"

"Sending a story, entitled 'A Hundred Gates,' to Mr. James Payn," he answered promptly. "He put it in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and Mr. Burnand and Mr. Wemyss Reid both seem to have noticed it. This story appeared in the autumn of 1889, when I had already left college, and was army-tutoring at Guildford. Being shortly after offered work on *Punch* and the *Speaker*, I considered myself justified in throwing up what I was doing and coming to London, which I did on Jan. 1, 1890. For some months I got through a good deal of desultory work, doing regularly, among other things, the *Speaker's* fiction reviews, and just a year after my first story had been published came out my first volume, 'In a Canadian Canoe.'"

"And you joined the ranks of the New Humourists?" I queried.

"I strongly object to that phrase," remarked Mr. Barry Pain, knocking some ashes out of his pipe. "I do not wish, and have never wished, to pose as a humourist at all."

"And who is your favourite humourist?"

"It is difficult to answer such a question, but, on the whole, I should say Sterne, and among his works I should single out the 'Sentimental Journey.'"

"You have of late done a considerable amount of what I may call serious work, have you not?"

"Well, I have published a boys' book, 'Graeme and Cyril,' and I am engaged on a novel."

"Have you any special views about boys' books?"

"I am afraid that I have already mentioned them too often. You will observe that the conventional boys' book generally contains at least one, if not more, of what I call the 'stolen pencil-case' incident, the 'copied theme,' and the '(?) hyphenated death-scene.' For this reason I have always tried to avoid that kind of incident. There is in every boy something of the poet, something of the pirate, and something of the pig. The proportions differ; but you find the three elements in all boys."

"And how about the novel, Mr. Pain?"

"As yet I have only five chapters written, and so do not care to say much about it, but it will be called 'The Octave of Claudius,' and be published some time this year by Messrs. McIlvaine and Co. I am very fond of story-writing, and have had the plot of both this novel and another in my mind for some years."

"Do you generally get through a great deal of writing each day?"

"No; I find my average is slightly under one thousand words a day, but I am very irregular, and at some periods get through a great deal more than at others. I take a great deal of trouble over my work. I write very slowly, but I hardly ever re-write. I always smoke while I am working."

"Have you any theories as to how a novel should be composed and written?"

"There are good novels to be made out of observation of real life and out of imagination; but I don't think there is much to be done with reported real life. The report on which one works, whether from newspaper or history, is not full enough to take the place of real life, and is too full to leave the imagination free; the historical novel, as a rule, is a failure, I think, for this reason. Of course, there are exceptions; clever men have done much with reported real life, but the ordinary novelist generally fails when he touches it."

"I think, also, it is better and easier to work from character to plot than from plot to character. I mean that the plot should seem the inevitable outcome of the characters. I imagine that this is why in adventure stories the characterisation is so weak; the plot has been made first, and the characters have to fit in somehow or other; generally they don't fit in very well."

"And how about dialogue?"

"Dialogue is, as a rule, the weakest point in a novel. I think that is because writers do not realise that they cannot put down things exactly as they are said. The conditions are different: the spoken sentence is subjected to the ear, and meets with a fraction of a second's consideration and criticism, but the written sentence is submitted to the eye, and is consequently considered and criticised for just a fraction of a second more. That fraction of a second makes all the difference. In order to counteract it and make the dialogue like real life, we must make it a shade better and stronger than real life. Of course, I have no claim to speak. I have never written a novel—only short stories. I reviewed novels for two or three years, though, and that teaches one something of the novelist's aims and methods."

FEMININE FENCERS.

[There is a great deal to be said on behalf of fencing as a pastime for ladies.—*The Sketch.*]

In the distant lands
That the king commands
Whose capital's called Abomey,
The gentler sex
Is the force that wrecks
The foe that would seize Dahomey.
They wield the spear
And the sword, I hear,
In a way that is light and airy;
But in England we
Very seldom see
A feminine fencing fairy.
For a girl who'd fight
Seems a downright fright
In the eyes of the ogre Grundy;
She might rather sing,
Thinks the dear old thing,
Chevalier's songs on Sunday.
Yet the glittering foil
Were the last to spoil
Your Margaret, Prue, or Nancy;
It's perchance a freak,
Though it's also *chic*,
This feminine fencing fancy.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



PHEASANT SHOOTING.—DOUGLAS ADAMS.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall.

The Dudley Gallery Art Society opened its exhibition of water-colours on Monday, and a very brief notice of the show will suffice. It contains nothing of very conspicuous merit. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stevens succeed in the landscape of St. Moritz with a certain pleasantness of effect. In such a gallery as this Mr. Walter Severn appears positively distinguished; his water-lilies strike one, in the general

comparison, as charmingly graceful and elegant; while Mr. Donne gratifies one by the correctness, if he sometimes tires one by the laboriousness, of his technique.

One is reminded of Sir John Gilbert's present to the Corporation of the City of London by the publication in calotype of the whole series



RABBIT SHOOTING.—DOUGLAS ADAMS.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall.

of pictures which now hang in the Guildhall. In convenient book form they may be studied with advantage, since, indeed, the effect of composition, which is their chief quality, is by no means lessened by their translation into black-and-white.

The colour, indeed, and the carefulness with which the details are worked out somewhat disguise this quality in the originals. Here, with

We have just referred to the reproductions in black-and-white of Sir John Gilbert's pictures to the City of London, which now hang in the Guildhall. Anybody with half an hour heavy on his hands might do a worse thing than pay a visit to the collection which is there enshrined. We do not pretend that it is a very valuable or a widely representative collection—it is but small, in truth; but, although there are many pictures among its few which bear too strongly upon them the common or garden academic trail, there are a few which would well compensate the pains of such a visit.

The coins, also, which are kept with care in the same room that contains the library, have, to anyone that cares about the art of coins, a special interest of their own. In view of the fact how easily accessible the collection is, it seems, perhaps, a little wonderful that it is visited so seldom. Very sparse, indeed, is the attendance of London's millions of free citizens to view the equally free treasures which the Guildhall freely exposes to their artistic souls.

The age of Rembrandt is one in which, for his sake, as for the sake of the great Dutch school of painting, we must needs have something of an absorbing interest, and the paper read the other day before the Jewish Historical Society by the Chief Rabbi on the Portuguese Jew of Amsterdam, Manasseh Ben Israel, squares with that interest, since Manasseh was on more or less intimate terms with Rembrandt. The artist, indeed, illustrated one of the learned Jew's theological works with four etchings. One would dearly like to know where so rare a treasure as a copy of the book can be found. We do not even know if there is one still in existence.

Nearly twenty years previous to this, however, Rembrandt, already perceiving the pictorial possibilities of the Jewish quarter, had etched a portrait of his friend, which, to quote the words of the *Architect*, "disclosed the kindness and intelligence of the Jewish divine." It was other qualities of depth, and pathos, and meditation, and suffering, and an infinitely tried humanity which he discovered in a Jew when he painted the unforgettable eyes of the Jewish Rabbi whose portrait now hangs in the National Gallery. These pictures and our knowledge of Rembrandt's intimacy with Manasseh lead one to applaud with all sincerity the suggestion made by the Chief Rabbi in his paper that the result of the investigation on the part of zealous Jews into the traditions which may still be alive among their race at Amsterdam may be to shed some light upon the relations that existed between them and Rembrandt.

A Constable inspiration for a walk! During these—by the time these words are in print they may all be vanished—clear blue days a panting mount to the top of the Monument reveals on every side lovely Constable subjects. In the summer a drive through Windsor Great Park to Virginia Water is sufficient to reveal a score of such subjects; to mount



"LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE."—PHILIP E. STRETTON.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

the monotony of tint, one's attention is called to it attractively and forcibly. Particularly one selects the pleasing composition, "The Enchanted Forest," the picture of two knights passing through a forest, and beset by multitudinous sylphs and fairies. It is easy to reproach the picture for an excessive fullness of detail, but it must be remembered that the point of the picture is precisely this, that it should be full of detail. The air is crowded with these dim and shadowy beings, that flock round the knights on horseback.

Among others, one must be selected for praise from those reproductions, not because the subject is an engrossing or attractive one, but because it exemplifies how an unattractive subject can be informed by a spirit of artistic arrangement and of artistic form. It is a transitory moment in the passing of the Prince and Princess of Wales to a State reception at Buckingham Palace. The arrangement of the escort and the grouping of the figures in relation with the landscape are all conceived with a delicate kind of feeling for composition which is rare in the painting of such subjects.

The literature of photography becomes more important year by year. Few publications have the interest of "The International Annual of Anthony's Photographic Bulletin." This year's issue is alliteratively described by its English publishers, Messrs. W. E. Peck and Co., as bigger, brighter, and better than any previous volume, and the series of epithets is well deserved. It is full of pictures, reproduced by a great variety of processes, which show the reader at a glance the latest methods of mechanical processes of reproduction. The literature is cosmopolitan in its authorship and all-embracing in its scope. The writers hail from every part of the United Kingdom and many States of America, from China, Japan, Australia, Canada, France, Germany, and Austria, and every possible department is at least dealt with. The annual must be of great use to every lover of the camera.

It is not often, when you apply to an artist for the loan of a picture, that the artist turns round and graciously presents it to you. Mr. Armitage, R.A., has just now accomplished that condescending action in connection with the forthcoming Art Loan Exhibition. Asked by deputation if he would lend a selected picture for the exhibition, he has graciously presented it to the Corporation in return—might we not say?—for the honour of their asking.



A CRITICAL MOMENT.—FANNIE MOODY.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.



LA JEUNESSE VICTORIEUSE.—ADOLPHE WEISS.

EXHIBITED AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY, AND REPRODUCED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. BRAUN, CLÉMENT, AND CO., PARIS.

the Monument in this weather is to discover many another. We would recommend Mr. Pennell, now that he has finished his airy studies in Paris, to try a lofty perch in London. How admirably the shipping of London would receive the interpretation of his blottesque style any man with half an eye could discover.

Mr. Charles Whibley's paper contributed to the current issue of the *Nineteenth Century* is a cleverly reasoned and very well written explanation of very personal and very reasonable views upon the "cock-eyed Primitives," as their art is revealed in the New Gallery. He dwells upon the lovely effect of decoration which the walls, regarded as a whole and unseparated into detail, present, and he ridicules the greater part of the detail upon the sturdy principle that if an effect is bad it is due to ignorance, and should not, therefore, be admired because it also happens to be innocent. That, of course, is a plain and straightforward view of the question; it, perhaps, lacks a little the saving sense of sentiment, without which so much mere logic is blankness and ashes; but it is reasonable, and we will not quarrel with it merely for the sake of a controversy.

But when Mr. Whibley, in his anxiety to exalt purity and personality of style into the be-all



SILENCE.—MRS. WALLER.
Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.

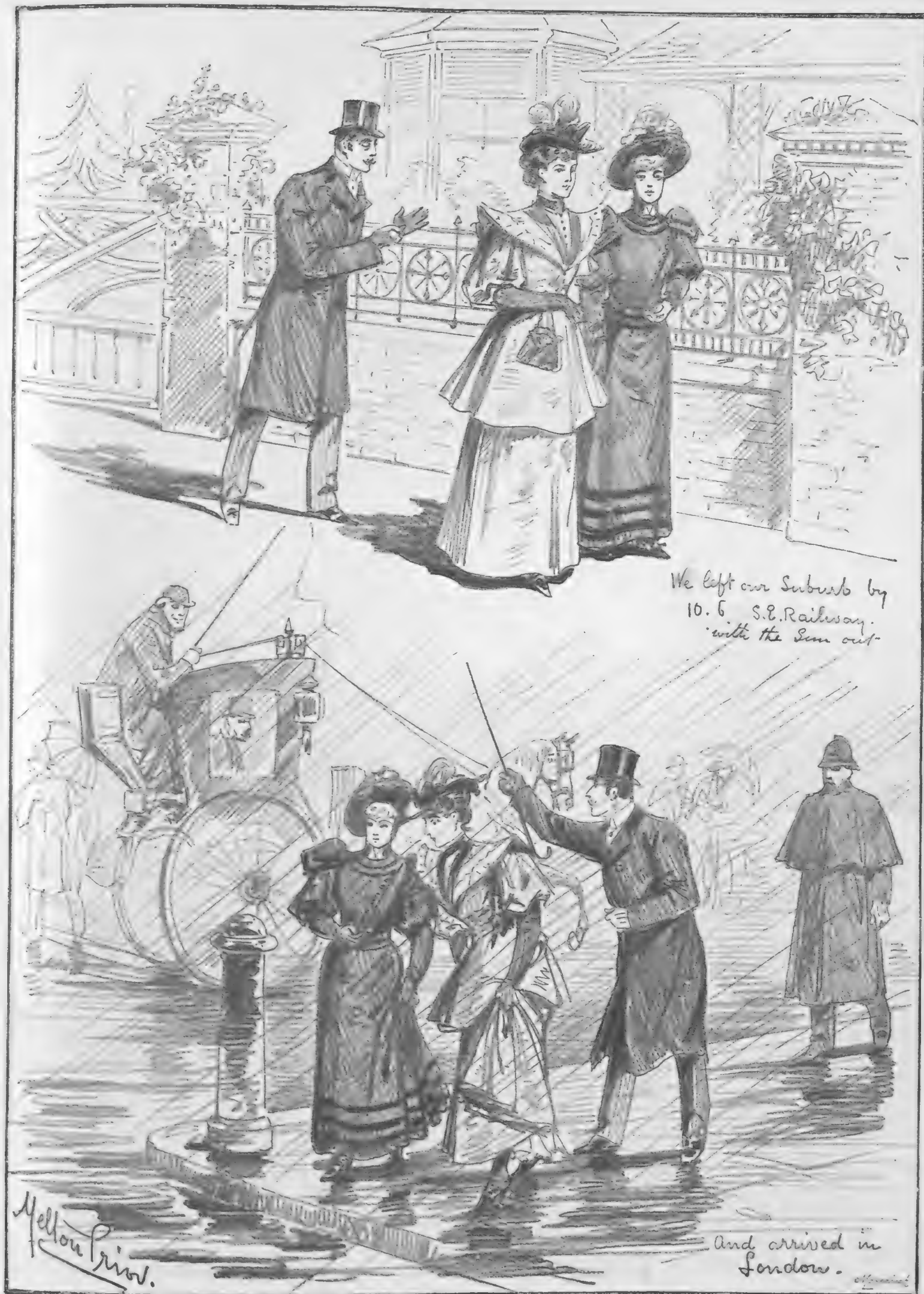
or the end-all of art, explains that there is "more emotion, more passion even, in a lace frill painted by Velasquez, in a necklet or balustrade of Veronese, in Titian's famous glove, than in all the crucifixions and martyrdoms of the most tragical of the Primitives," we frankly confess that Mr. Whibley appears to us to have given himself freely away to sentimentality and to a confusion of enthusiasms. In the first place, if Mr. Whibley intends to say that there was more passion in the one painter's intention than in another's, he simply makes a declaration for which he cannot have the least authority. Yet, we suspect that this was his meaning, for we really will not accuse him of saying that a lace frill or a balustrade can be filled with passion. Over this one confusion let him clarify his thoughts a little; the rest of his article is ever sweetly reasonable.

Several correspondents have written to us desiring information as to whether engravings can be obtained of Mr. Albert Moore's charming picture, "A Summer Night," recently reproduced in *The Sketch*. As far as we are aware, this exquisite work of art, which has attracted so much attention at the Grafton Gallery, has not been engraved, so that we are unable to supply our correspondents' wishes in this respect.



LENDEMAIN DE PREMIÈRE (DANS LA LOGE).—P. CARRIER-BELLEUSE.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF NATURE.



THE PARTRIDGE.*

It is given to very few men who are acquainted with sport to write about it well, and to very few of our competent writers to know anything at all about sport. Thus, as a whole, the literature of sport is deplorable. Brilliant "Strident Williams," who, never having seen a partridge outside a dining-room, was told by the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* to write a "leader" on the First, produced an article which was shocking to the sportsman; the average sportsman who tries his hand in the same matter shocks the leader-writer. The Fur and Feather Series, we imagine, is designed to adjust the balance of incompetence. Otherwise, bearing the Badminton Library in mind, one cannot perceive any need for it. Assuming the design of the series to be as we surmise, we give "Fur and Feather" a hearty welcome. The opening volume is such as may be read with



"HARD TIMES."



THE TOWERED BIRD.

the modern shot who rejoices in driving and has theories in favour of the choke-bore, and of the old-fashioned provincial who stands by the pin-fire, and is content with rough shooting on a small manor, is admirably good-natured and judicial. Nothing on the subject could be more lucid and convincing than the discourse on "good form" and "bad form." "Verbum Sap.," while it may be painful reading to Lord Coleridge, is weighty. Even as you must catch your game before you cook it, it is well that you should be able to cook your game when it is caught. Accordingly, this book winds up with an essay on "The Cookery of the Partridge." The writer is Mr. George Saintsbury, who shows in it that his knowledge of French dinner-tables is as versatile and discriminate as the knowledge of French poetry and fiction to which he largely owes his high reputation in scholarship. The volume, as will be seen from the three pictures which we reproduce, is well illustrated.

pleasure by the man of woodcraft who has taste in the craft of letters. Part I., which deals with the natural history of the partridge, is, it is true, only indifferent good. The Rev. H. A. Macpherson, who writes it, has an incontinent enthusiasm which leads him into pleonasm and other violences; but he knows his subject, and instructs while he does not entertain. Part II., on the shooting of the partridge, by Mr. A. J. Stuart-Wortley, is, we may seriously affirm, almost beyond praise. It cannot be said that Mr. Wortley's writing is a model of style; but a man who has no sense of style and an abandoned knowledge of the fact is such a rarity that when we do come upon him we must welcome him with unreserve. Mr. Stuart-Wortley's chapters in this volume are delightful in all respects. He has a wide knowledge of his subject and an artless gift of exposition which spreads it out in decency and persuasive order. His treatment of



A SUNNY CORNER.

* The Fur and Feather Series. "The Partridge." Edited by A. E. T. Watson. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

A CHAT WITH MR. HIRAM S. MAXIM.

The real vanquisher of the Matabele is unquestionably Mr. Maxim, for it has been his guns which have "mowed down the natives like corn before the scythe." To his inventive brain and his strong arm of war the victory is mainly due.

I felt, therefore, peculiar interest in calling on him for a chat. From him I learnt many particulars about his career and the capabilities of his gun, which cannot be otherwise than interesting. Mr. Maxim is an



MR. MAXIM AND HIS GUN.

American citizen, born in Maine fifty-four years ago. He inherited a love of mechanics from his father, who bequeathed to him, among other ideas, those of a machine gun and an apparatus for aerial navigation; but he was verging on forty-two before he gave any serious attention to putting these suggestions into practical form. Young Maxim first served an apprenticeship in carriage-building and decorative painting connected with the same. Soon after his majority he entered the large machine works of his uncle, Levi Stevens, at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, doing all sorts of metal work, and studying mechanical drawing, whence he became foreman in a philosophical instrument maker's in Boston. About this time he designed a large number of automatic gas machines for lighting country houses, and these are still much in request. His next post was as a draughtsman in a large steamship building establishment in New York. In 1877 Mr. Maxim took up the study of electricity, and he was the first originator of the incandescent electric light, besides being the first patentee of an apparatus producing a self-regulating electric current where the electro-motive force remained constant, irrespective of the number of lamps in the circuit. For this and other electrical patents the Legion of Honour was awarded him in 1881. Two years later Mr. Maxim took seriously in hand the manufacture of an automatic machine gun. Previously all machine guns had been operated by hand, and these had proved quite unreliable, for on the handle being worked too rapidly or improperly they "jammed." To quote the words he used in speaking to me: "I determined to make a gun which would be quite independent of this fault, and which would utilise the force of the recoil to operate the mechanism of the gun, so that the gunner would only have to touch a button in order to cause the gun to fire, and to continue firing so long as the button was pressed and the cartridges held out."

"And I need not ask if you succeeded?"

"Scarcely, at this date. However, an account of the first competitive trial of the gun may interest you. It was typical of many others. This first trial was in Switzerland, where I was to compete against a gun which had as yet beaten all other rivals. I shall never forget the occasion. There stood the foreign gun; four officers were detailed to fire it. Beside it was a kitchen table, with the cartridges ready to hand. One officer turned the crank, another aimed the gun, while the other two put cartridges into the hopper of the gun as quickly as they could.

And the result was that after a few seconds there was a 'jam,' which took fifteen minutes to rectify. However, after some minor incidents, the four officers succeeded in firing 300 rounds in a minute. The gun weighed about 280 lb."

"And then your turn came?"

"Yes. My gun weighed 50 lb., and was not provided with a kitchen table, and I fired 332 rounds in thirty-two seconds, without any assistant, while my target was much better covered than theirs had been. I then fired at long range, 1200 metres, and knocked down seventy-five per cent. of the dummy soldiers in one minute of time—better shooting than had ever been seen before, so it was said."

"So that your gun showed a superiority in not getting 'jammed,' a greater rapidity of shooting, and more killing results?"

"Precisely."

"Now as regards musketry fire, taking round for round?"

"It's impossible to compare the two fires in that way. I'll put it better. Infantry with breechloaders fire about ten shots a minute. At a target my gun fires 600 rounds a minute, and when using rapid cartridges, such as the English, 666 in a minute, or American, 775 a minute; but my killing capacity is as 30 to 1, as has been calculated, because my gun has no nerves, and when once laid and laid low by an experienced officer keeps the same aim irrespective of the intervening smoke, so that, considering its rapidity and deadliness, the gun is to a rifle in action as 180 to 1."

"I suppose you supply your Maxim gun to almost every nation?"

"Yes, and the British Government, I am glad to say, is one of our best customers. Those we supply to other countries carry cartridges of the same range as are used for the rifles of the countries supplied."

"And what do you say as to powder?"

"Well, when a large number of rounds is required to be fired rapidly, we recommend black powder; the smokeless tends somewhat to destroy the rifling, and consequently the accuracy of the shot, after the discharge of the first few thousand rounds; but with black powder the discharge of 100,000 rounds would effect no perceptible difference."

"And the mechanism is simple?"

"Look here for yourself. All you have to do is to touch this button. If you press it for one-tenth of a second you fire one shot, for a whole second ten shots, and, consequently, in one minute six hundred shots. Then if anything should go wrong with the operative mechanism, which is almost impossible, you can replace it in fifteen seconds—absolutely a baby could work the gun."

"Sand and dirt do not affect it?"

"Well, considering unskilled colonists have never found it to fail, I think I may safely say that it can only wantonly be put out of gear."

"And what gun is its closest rival?"

"The Nordenfolt, which belongs to our company. That also played an important part in the late African campaign, and with very satisfactory results, too."

"And now, Mr. Maxim, what have you to say about the flying machine?" I remarked, as I resumed my interrogations.

"Well, during the last few years I have been experimenting with motors and machines intended for aerial navigation. My latest developments are a screw thrust of 2100 lb., and a lifting force on the aeroplane, while running at the speed of twenty-seven miles an hour, of 7000 lb. I believe that aerial navigation is quite possible. I don't suppose flying machines will come into general use for some time to come, except for military purposes, and I confess I am not looking forward yet awhile to their carrying coals from Newcastle or bricks from Haverstraw, nor shall I propose their use to my mother-in-law, as has been suggested by some of the papers. However, I believe that the flying machine will be *un fait accompli* before the end of the nineteenth century, and will be a fitting *finale* to a century remarkable for its scientific and mechanical achievements."



GETTING READY.



THE BIRTH OF THE PEARL.



"FORE!" PLEASE.



YOUNG ENGLAND.



COLLECTORS.

From Photographs by G. and R. Lavis, Eastbourne.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



OLD SAILOR : " Yes ; I've 'ad nearly every bone in my body broke at different times—arm broke, leg broke, nose broke, thigh broke——"

POTMAN : " 'Ave ye ever bin stone-broke?"



THE ASSISTANT.

"Plumber! What do you bring this beastly boy here for, to hang about all day? All he does is to whistle comic songs and drive me crazy!"

"Well, Sir, yer see he must do somethink, or I couldn't charge yer for 'is time."



TYPES OF SPORTSMEN.—No. II.
"WORMS."



1. Cat: "I wonder how much milk that big thing drinks?"



2. Hippo: "I wonder what that Noah's Ark thing is up to?"



3. Hippo: "He calls that scratching up luck, does he? Glad I'm in luck's way!"



4. Cat: "What a hide!"



5. Hippo: "This is going beyond a joke!"



6. Cat: "Help! I won't do it any more!"



7. And then a river came in the way



Louis Wain.

8. And the Cat thought he was the sole survivor.



9. And Hippo looked out for more Cats to drown.



10. And Cat told his wife how the big thing sank like a rock.

C. HENNINGSEN JR.



HIS NEW FUR COAT.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

There is a curious sequence at times in events, as if one occurrence were planned to complete and explain another. Hardly have we ceased discussing the casual collision between English and French forces in the Sofa country, when a far worse surprise falls on the French Timbuctoo expedition. Some of the French newspapers, determined not to show any fairness to perfidious Albion, explained the unfortunate affair by the detestable English habit of not keeping a good look-out, though wherein this would have served to undeceive assailants by night the French paper said not. And now a large part of the Timbuctoo column has been wiped out by barbarians, with no repeating rifles, but mere spears and swords. But I do not think any English journal has yet suggested that this unfortunate affair is due to the detestable French habit of not keeping proper watch.

The Timbuctoo expedition seems to have been one of those somewhat wild and aimless businesses which are familiar to all nations that have colonies, though, possibly, more familiar to the French than to ourselves. For we are not a military people, nor officer-ridden like our neighbours. Apparently, a French commander in a colony is in the habit of organising expeditions and annexing or occupying generally, without or against orders, trusting to the patriotism of Paris and the need of maintaining French prestige to secure him support and honour. Timbuctoo was already within the French "sphere of influence"—that vast expanse of "rather light soil," as Lord Salisbury rather cruelly put it, which includes the Sahara and much beside—and it was not in the least likely that the English, however perfidious and encroaching, would take possession of the mysterious city. To be sure, if we had the French imagination and feeling for national glory, we might make up a plausible claim to Timbuctoo on the strength of the well-known fact that Tennyson wrote a prize poem on that city, which contains hardly any reference to Timbuctoo itself, but a good deal of somewhat Shelleyan magnificence of phrase. Still, I am not aware that any Frenchman went so far even as to write a poem on Timbuctoo, though, no doubt, this will now be done.

However, the gallant colonel who has just perished resolved to plant the tricolour on the city of Ethiopia. It was done, and cannot well be undone. But it seems a curious passion for annexing territory that nobody else wants, and that is at present a burden, merely in order to win a little glory. It is not that French trade or French power will be advantaged especially by holding Timbuctoo; it is rather the same feeling that impels Englishmen to break their necks on dangerous *aiguilles* and persons of all nations to cross the Atlantic in open boats of new and specially dangerous types, or seek for the North Pole, or, generally, to go where nobody has yet been before them. Provided you can hoist your flag where no competitor has been before, it matters little how you get to the place of honour, where it is, what it is good for, and how on earth you are going to get back. It is, perhaps, a fine emulation; it certainly leads to great exploits, which are often thrilling to read about—but is it not wasteful in the extreme?

One often thinks of the well-known story of the youth who applied to his father for funds that he might descend a coal-mine. The father being (as fathers are) prosaic, asked why on earth—or, rather, under it—his son should want to go down a mine? The youth replied, in order that he might say he had visited a coal-mine. "Well," retorted the father, "say that you have." Now, if the enterprising soldiers of France had confined their daring to asserting that they had taken possession of Timbuctoo, who would or could have contradicted them? The French nation would have possessed that interesting town in as effective a way as is possible at present—the glory would have been as great—and much money and many valuable lives would have been saved.

Similarly for the North Pole. If Dr. Nansen does drift across that much overrated locality, what will he add to our knowledge or pleasure? So long as the Pole is not found, we are at liberty to scheme out any romantic inventions to fill the unknown region. Either we can imitate the wild visions of Poe, or place at the Pole the more commonplace volcano of Jules Verne, or invent an earthly paradise, somehow kept warm and bright through the Polar night. Of course, we know what Dr. Nansen will probably find—ice, and again ice, and, perhaps, rock. His attempt is heroic, no doubt; but what is the good of it, even if successful? It is only the breaking of records, after all.

And the *reductio ad absurdum* of record-breaking is surely the American plan of getting a man to ride with a swift horse or engine drawing a shield in front of him to take off the resistance of the air. Why not get a locomotive to draw the cycle and have done with it? MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The new *Revue de Paris*, the third of the name, has appeared, and is pushing its way in London, too. It is highly creditable, and even a little distinguished. "Gyp" and M. Gabriel d'Annunzio are the writers of fiction. Loti describes his impressions at the Convent Loyola, M. Jusserand tells the story of the poet King of Scotland, and philosophy is represented by a hitherto unpublished article of Renan. As if to show that the *Revue* is not appropriated by the advanced school, there is a eulogistic article on that austere classic critic, M. Brunetière.

One promise in the prospectus suggests a doubt—that regarding the prominence to be given to unpublished letters and memoirs. Letters of Balzac, indeed, appear in the present number. Do people like to read these in fortnightly instalments?

Mr. John Morley has been reading Miss Barlow's "Irish Idylls," of which he speaks in terms of high admiration.

Professor Knight, of St. Andrews, is collecting some reminiscences of the late Professor Minto from his friends. It is expected that these will be prefixed to the posthumous volume of Professor Minto, "English Literature under the Georges."

Dr. William Wright, whose book on "The Brontës in Ireland" has been so well received, is preparing "The Adventures of Captain Mayne Reid." Captain Mayne Reid was a native of the same district as old Patrick Brontë, and his experiences were even more strange than those of the Brontës in Ireland.

M. Bourget's new book, "Un Saint," describes the adventures of two travellers in the mountainous district near Pisa. They visit a half-ruined convent, the Prior of which possesses some very ancient Roman coins, of the value of which he has no idea. One of the travellers is tempted to steal two of the most valuable, and the story turns on the generous revenge which the Prior takes. Of this revenge Bourget says he sees "the dawn of a soul." The little book is one of Bourget's most charming stories, and is well illustrated by Lemerre.

Ruskin lovers who are not so ambitious as to reject all save first editions will be interested in Mr. George Allen's re-issue of the account of the Oxford Museum written by Dr. Acland thirty-four years ago. The re-issue has the important addition of several letters from Mr. Ruskin on a subject very near his heart, which were omitted in the earlier edition, but which, I think, have been published since.

They show Mr. Ruskin in an interesting position, art adviser to a real practical undertaking; they contain some of his most striking references to Gothic architecture, and utter once more his craving for the ideal craftsman. Of one of those who had come nearest to that ideal at the moment—Shea, an Irishman, employed to carve the pillar capitals and bases—a short account is given.

Shea had an undisciplined fancy, or, at least, the Master of the University thought so, and grew frightened. He found the sculptor on the scaffold one day carving monkeys, and struck with the impropriety of the thing bade him stop. Next day the Master returned and said, "You are carving monkeys when I told you not." "To-day it's cats," said Shea. The Master was terrified and went away. In the end Shea's fancy was too much for the timid authorities, and he was dismissed. After dismissal he was found once more on his ladder, hammering away vigorously. Acland saw him, and asked what he was doing. "Striking on still," Shea shouted; "parrots and owls! Parrots and owls! Members of Convocation!" There they were, blocked out alternately. "Shea, you must knock their heads off." "Never," said he. "Directly," said Acland. Their heads went.

The newest Pseudonym volume is packed full of samples of the average American short story. It is a product that grows thick, that is not fastidious as to soil or atmosphere, and it has a kind of Calvinistic preference for ugliness. With almost the whole of American literature easily accessible, it is little of a grievance that we have to mix best with second-best. Only, there is a second-best which is peculiarly wearying.

Miss Wilkins's art is great. At her peril does she lessen it, for the field of her choice—that cold, starved region of domestic hardship and neglected, sunless lives—would be intolerable otherwise. When we are given pictures of the same kind of life, of even good second-best quality, like those in "The Rousing of Mrs. Petter" (Unwin), we are so depressed before the end that we are likely to miss the strongest of all, "The Cy Barker Ledge." It is not altogether the writer's fault. The fact is, the pathos of narrow lives as a motive for fiction is so hackneyed just now that we very readily weary of it.

A second trio of "Stories from Scribner," with their dainty bindings and illustrations, have made their appearance—stories of Italy, of the sea, of the army, this time. These, too, represent the average fiction of the American periodical, and the quality of that average is certainly not higher than our own. Perhaps it is generally a little more monotonous and less pliant in style; but the stories here have plenty of incident in them and don't run in a groove. There are very readable railway trifles. In England we have nothing more handy for the purpose, and in size and appearance they are models of what cheap literature might be. o. o.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

XII.—MR. F. H. FISHER AND THE "LITERARY WORLD."

When I went to have a chat with the editor of one of our most successful literary weeklies I did not expect to listen to "A Plain Tale from the Hills," but so it fell out. It was not easy to find him, first of all. The pilgrim to the sanctum of the *Literary World* has to toil up scores of stone steps, possibly worn by the tears of rejected contributors, though in the afternoon light it was too dark to notice whether this was the case. I had just decided to put my record of ascended steps against that of the American tourist in Rome, when the summit of the staircase was reached and the object of my search was found. In a small room, with a predominating tint of grey, sat Mr. Frederic Henry Fisher, who for the last ten years has edited the *Literary World*. Curiously enough,



Photo by Hughes, Strand, W.C.

MR. F. H. FISHER, EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY WORLD."

like Sir Edwin Arnold, of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Fisher himself is an Anglo-Indian. He spent some years in the Indian Civil Service, filling the usual positions made familiar to readers of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, from Assistant-Magistrate to Sessions Judge, and then came home on furlough. Not a very bright prospect lay before him; but, for the second time in his career, the unexpected death of a man led to Mr. Fisher's acceptance of a post which has since proved most congenial. The first instance of this strange fate took place on a previous furlough, when, as in this case, he had returned to England in ill-health. He was offered the editorship of a weekly newspaper, and filled it for six months, returning to India for his last spell of work as a covenanted civilian. During this period he was engaged on the exhausting labours of editing several volumes of the "North-West Provinces of India Gazetteer," which provided the raw materials of Sir William Hunter's famous "Imperial Gazetteer."

It is a far cry, however, from literary work in the Himalayas to journalism in London—from "India's coral strand" to London's muddy Strand or Fleet Street—and I eagerly listened to Mr. Fisher's story of the chain of events which led to his retirement from the Indian Civil Service, in which he had spent thirteen years of his life. He has something in his features which reminded me of Mr. Thomas Hardy, an alertness of manners, a lucidity of conversation which suggested the barrister, a certain remoteness from the roar of the town, which is, perhaps, due to his position high above the din of Fleet Street, in that quiet room where he has only books for his companions, and to which no sounds seem to ascend, save voices through the speaking-tubes in communication with other members of the staff. For the benefit of any inquisitive folks, I may state that Mr. Fisher is married to the second

daughter of the late Mr. James Clarke, and that he is forty-four years of age. First he unwound, at my request, the ribbon of history about the *Literary World* from its commencement. It was a relief to find that the paper was not a centenarian in these days when persons and papers alike are claiming this distinction: it is only a demi-semi-centenarian, having been started in 1868 by the late Mr. James Clarke, who conceived the idea that a cheap literary journal was needed. At first he tested the palate of the public by issuing the *Literary World* as a monthly journal, the first number appearing in February, 1868; nineteen months afterwards, this experiment's success justified its change to a weekly paper. The early numbers were under the editorial supervision of the late Mr. Clarke, and his object was to supply information about books, chiefly by excerpts from them. In 1875 the late Rev. Thomas Stephenson was appointed editor, and I was interested to hear that among its contributors at this period were Mr. A. E. Fletcher, now editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and Dr. Robertson Nicoll, famous almost equally as editor, author, and poet. In November, 1883, Mr. Stephenson's ill-health compelled his resignation, and shortly afterwards he died. To him succeeded the present editor, who has marked the paper considerably with his own individuality. Mr. Fisher, though his modesty prevented him telling me so, has had the pleasure of introducing more than one acknowledged writer of eminence to the public. Many of Mr. Norman Gale's charming lyrics first appeared in the *Literary World*. Though the old sub-title, "Choice Readings from the Best New Books, with Critical Reviews," has lately been discarded, it expresses still the policy of the paper. Modern modifications have taken place in its contents, such as the "Table Talk," which has been a popular feature since Mr. Douglas Sladen gave it the free-lance tone which is its charm. Capricious critics have tried to belittle the position of the paper because of its modest price, forgetting that the intention of the proprietors has been to supply literary information to that vast section of the public which takes as keen an interest in writing nowadays as the club-man or the devotee of the *Saturday Review*. The history of the paper has been comparatively calm; its criticism has not become as historical as Lady Eastlake's *Quarterly* review of Charlotte Brontë, though it is a mistake to assume that the reviews have universally been of such a cordial nature as not to awaken opposition. For instance, we have not forgotten the libel action, damages laid at £1000, which was taken into the courts about two years ago against the *Literary World*, when, as the editor proudly recalls, the jury stopped the case before half the plaintiff's evidence was given.

"What is your opinion, Mr. Fisher, about signed reviews?"

"Well, I have only had an experience of two years to guide me. Personally, I think a signature is sometimes the best preventive of 'log-rolling,' which almost defies discovery otherwise. When an ultra-favourable or unfavourable critique appears bearing a well-known name, it has just the personal weight attached to the writer and not to the paper. In the early days of the *Literary World* only the articles by Dr. Peter Bayne were signed, and many of these were afterwards reprinted under the title of 'Lessons from My Masters.' But now we have men like James Ashcroft Noble, Norman Gale, Douglas Sladen, Arthur Waugh, and J. Stanley Little, whose signatures appear frequently in the paper. Perhaps the custom establishes a certain pleasant personal link between the writer and the reader. I am constantly, for instance, receiving inquiries respecting the articles I have just mentioned by Dr. Bayne, who still reviews for us."

"Do you train up reviewers in the way they should go, Mr. Fisher, or is there a school for them?"

"Some of our staff have had their first reviewing work from me—for example, Miss Eleanor Hull, who is one of our regular writers. You might be interested to hear that the writer of the review which caused the libel action soon went on the *Times* staff—not that we parted with him, quite the contrary."

"Will you reveal your system of dealing with books?"

"First of all, the title, publisher, and price of every book on its arrival is entered in a book. I go over them and select 'possibles' and 'certainties,' and leave the remainder for further consideration. The 'certainties' are despatched to the various specialists, the 'possibles' take more time to decide. No book is finally crossed off the list till either it has been noticed or I have intimated it will not be reviewed. When the critiques arrive it is our work to make up an interesting selection each week, and I am assisted in this by Mr. A. N. Macfadyen, my sub-editor, a son of the late Dr. Macfadyen."

"And when the notices appear, what about the army of the reviewed?"

"Oh, as a rule, we don't hear from them. Occasionally there are thorns, as Thackeray said, in the editorial cushion. Only this morning I had a two-sheet epistle from a clergyman concerning a perfectly just criticism of his book. Have I been an author myself? Well, yes, in a small way. 'Cyprus: Our New Colony' and 'Afghanistan and the Central Asian Question' are mine. They were published so long ago as 1878. I was called to the Bar in 1885, and practised as a conveyancer. One of the subjects outside literature in which I'm deeply interested is the University of London, where I graduated twenty-six years ago with honours. I am strongly in favour of its not losing its character as the Poor Man's University, which it has so long and beneficially held."

Then we resumed our talk about India, and I found that for a whole year Mr. Fisher's life was threatened by an escaped prisoner, who was captured just before Mr. Fisher resigned his judicial duties. So, you see, the editor of the *Literary World* actually knows more than some of his journalistic brethren what it is to have his scalp in danger! D. W.

A GREAT COMEDIAN.

A CHAT WITH COQUELIN CADET.

It is by no means easy to bear an illustrious name worthily, but in the case of M. Coquelin cadet his genius and hard work have added a fresh lustre to the name which had already become synonymous in French Stageland with the finest actor the Comédie Française has possessed for many a long day. Coquelin cadet is seven years his brother's junior, and looks still quite a young man; even *en civil* he might be taken anywhere for a typical comedian, so subtly sympathetic and varied are the expressions which flit over his face, especially when talking of his art. But he is simple and straightforward in manner, and seems to enjoy the brighter side of life with all the zest of a schoolboy.

"Am I a pupil of the Conservatoire?" he echoed in answer to a question put him by a representative of *The Sketch*. "Certainly; there are very few of us at the Maison de Molière who have not been there. Sometimes English people ask me what I think of the Conservatoire. I consider it absolutely indispensable: it is our classical education. But I was especially fortunate in my master—Regnier. I was with him for two years and a half, from the age of seventeen to nineteen—"

"When you won the first prize for comedy. I suppose, Monsieur, that your brother's influence made your entrance into the Théâtre Français exceptionally easy?"

"Probably," replied M. Coquelin, smiling. "But I spent a year at the Odéon, and made my *début*, funnily enough, in the character of Jack Spleen, the title- *rôle* of a curious old comedy written by Patras in 1789, just on the eve of the Revolution. You will observe it was styled 'L'Anglais, ou le Fou Raisonnable,' and was once actually performed before the unhappy Royal Family. After a year at the Odéon," he continued, "I entered the Français as *jeune comique*. Such was my technical name."

"I suppose in allusion to the old *répertoire*?"

"Exactly; such *rôles* as *Mascarille* and *Gros René* are held by *jeunes comiques*. But I soon began to despair. There are so many young actors at the Comédie that it is exceedingly difficult for any one of them to distinguish himself in any special manner, and I felt that if I could not strike some new line for myself many years might pass before the public would ever hear of my individuality—I will not say of my name," he added, with a smile. "Well, one day I was at a Bohemian dinner at Montmartre, when suddenly a man got up and recited a short monologue called 'L'Obsession.' I was extremely struck both by the little piece itself and by the way in which he said it. Said I to myself, 'This shall become my *genre*.' I therefore procured an introduction to this unique genius, for so he really was; and I should like you," added M. Coquelin, with genuine emotion in his voice, "to say a word about Cros, for he was a most remarkable writer, whose premature death prevented his being ever appreciated at his true value. To him I owe everything, so I am glad to be able to testify to his worth both as a man and as an author. For years after this chance meeting we worked together, and he wrote for me an immense number of monologues, among which I may mention 'Le Biblioquet,' 'Le Coffret de Sandale,' &c. It would really be impossible for me to tell you the extraordinary success these monologues were from the first. They started a fashion, a mode, and now there is scarce an amateur but can say his little monologue."

"I believe, Monsieur, that you often compose your own?"

"No," he replied, quickly; "I have only written two—'Le Cheval' and 'Le Jeune Homme Blême'; but I find there is no one to touch Charles Cros, and old favourites seem quite as popular as anything new. I recited 'L'Obsession' before the Queen, and she seemed as delighted with it as the wittiest of the Parisians among my audiences."

"And in what does your art as monologist consist?"

"I daresay you know," he answered, "that my brother and myself brought out a little book, 'La Façon de Dire le Monologue'; but, honestly, it is most difficult to give advice on such a subject. I have constantly

been asked to give lessons to people who were anxious to recite; but it is as much a matter of instinct as of anything else."

"And, apart from your monologues, what is your favourite kind of *rôle*?"

"Anything and everything in the old *répertoire*. Perhaps my favourite part is that of Molière's *L'Avare*. I must tell you that I read this character rather differently from that of my predecessors, who always insist upon giving a sombre twist to the character. Now, I feel quite sure that when Molière acted the *rôle* himself he made it simply comic. You see, there is no doubt that he, like all the other writers and actors who flourished under Louis XIV., was greatly influenced by the Italian troupe then playing in Paris. I think this fact ought to be taken into consideration by us to-day when acting Molière."

"Then what view do you take of the part which scenery and costume ought to play?"

"Oh!" he answered, laughing, "you carry that a long way in England. Still, I must admit that all actors are sensible of their surroundings. One acts a great deal better when one feels that the accessories are absolutely what they should be. I own that I myself take the most enormous pains about my costumes, and will spend, I was going

to say, hours over the design of a button or strap. Of course, perfect historical costume will not give an actor the genius or the talent to personify an historical personage to perfection; but, on the other hand, it will certainly make him, especially if he has any imagination, a great deal better than he would be were he in a makeshift or tawdry garment, which could never by any chance have been worn by the character who is represented."

"I suppose it would be invidious to ask you what you think of English acting?"

"I did not go to as many London theatres as I should like to have done, but I cannot tell you how deep was the impression produced on me by Irving in 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' It was admirable, and brought tears into my eyes. Many of his other *rôles* have filled me with wonder, but as the Vicar he filled me with emotion, and that, after all, is the greatest test. As for your plays, it is difficult for me to judge, if we except the great Shakspeare. But I have always felt that there was something to be done with 'Vanity Fair.' Every phase of human emotion can be found in that book," he concluded thoughtfully.

"And modern *rôles*, Monsieur? I suppose you take part in the Comédie's modern *répertoire*?"

"No; very seldom. I think I have played in 'Mlle. de la Seiglière,' and also in Labiche's 'Les Petits Oiseaux.' By-the-way, I may add that one of my great successes at the Comédie was made in 'Le Testament de

César Girodet.' That was in 1879; but now I remain faithful to such *rôles* as *Le Malade Imaginaire*, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, *Georges Dandin*, and, as I first said, *L'Avare*.

"What are my greatest artistic joys? If you really wish to know, I must reply that I am never so happy as when taking part in one of the gratuitous performances which the Théâtre Français gives four times a year to our kindly Parisian public. There is not a member of the Comédie Française who does not feel honoured by being told to play in these representations. They are wonderful audiences; many of them sit from early morning outside the theatre, waiting for the doors to open, and yet, after this exhausting experience, are as keenly alive to the slightest *nuance*, and their applause is for weeks after echoing in our ears."

"But do you not often get a very rough lot at these gratuitous performances?"

"No," said M. Coquelin, simply; "the audiences seem mostly composed of quiet *bourgeois*, whose means do not permit them to pay to come to the theatre, and who, therefore, take advantage of these performances. Their taste is, as a rule, sound, and they prefer something out of the old *répertoire* to a more flimsy, if more seemingly brilliant, modern comedy. But, I repeat, the greatest pleasure in life is acting before an audience composed truly of the people."



M. COQUELIN CADET.

Photo by Otto, Paris.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Now the inter-'Varsity Soccer match is upon us, it seems as if all the ground had been covered already and nothing remains to be said. Week by week I have told of the smart performances of the Dark Blues, how they have only been defeated once this season, and how they have met and conquered more than one of the best professional clubs in the land.

At every point Oxford is strong. Not only are the men brilliant individually, but as a combination you will seldom find a more capable lot. They play a pretty, short, passing game, with a finish about it that is hardly to be matched anywhere out of Sunderland.

As for Cambridge, they would be considered a good average lot, and quite capable of winning the match in any year but the present. Yet they have only two men who can be considered fairly first-class. These are Perkins, the centre forward, and Lodge, full back. It is a notorious saying that in inter-'Varsity contests the better team rarely wins, but on this occasion I shall be greatly surprised if Oxford does not pull off the event by a good majority.

A comparative glance at the record of the two 'Varsities will show the position of affairs. Oxford has won twelve matches and lost one, scoring sixty-four goals and losing eight. Cambridge has won eleven and lost eight, with fifty-four goals against thirty-five.

The International teams to meet Ireland on March 3 and Wales on March 12 have just been selected. It will be seen from the names given below that the eleven to meet Ireland is composed exclusively of professionals, while the team to meet Wales is composed of amateurs only. The new caps in the team v. Ireland are Reader, Crabtree, Chippendale, and Whitehead; in the eleven v. Wales the new Internationals are A. H. Hossack, G. O. Smith, and J. G. Veitch. The following is a list of both English teams—

v. IRELAND: Reader (West Bromwich Albion), goal; Clare (Stoke) and Holmes (Preston North End), backs; Reynolds (Aston Villa), Holt (Everton), and Crabtree (Burnley), half-backs; Chippendale (Blackburn Rovers) and Whitehead (Blackburn Rovers) (right wing), Devey (Aston Villa) (centre), Hodgetts (Aston Villa) and Spikesley (Sheffield Wednesday) (left wing), forwards.

v. WALES: L. H. Gay (Old Brightonians), goal; A. H. Harrison (Old Westminsters) and F. R. Pelly (Old Foresters), backs; A. H. Hossack (Corinthians), A. G. Topham (Casuals), and A. N. Other, half-backs; R. Topham (Casuals) and R. C. Gosling (Old Etonians) (right wing), G. O. Smith (Old Carthusians) (centre), J. G. Veitch (Old Westminsters) and R. R. Sandilands (Old Westminsters) (left wing), forwards.

I am pleased to see that an International trial match will be held at Queen's Club, West Kensington, on March 15. In all probability the teams which meet Wales and Ireland will be opposed to each other, and eleven men selected out of the twenty-two players to meet Scotland on April 7.

I am rather disappointed that M. J. Earp, of Sheffield Wednesday, has not received his International cap. He is, at least, as good as either

Harrison or Pelly, and these two have been through the mill before. Earp, however, can afford to wait a little longer, as he is only twenty-one years of age.

In Association circles the talk just now is about the Cup, and nothing but the Cup. The draw for the third round has brought about some sensational ties. I shall stick to my contention that the winner of the Aston Villa v. Sunderland match should win the Cup outright, and in saying this I quite appreciate the difficulty of beating Sheffield Wednesday at home. The next nearest favourites are Blackburn Rovers, and good Cup-tie fighters they are. I am somewhat sceptical at their



Photo by A. and G. Taylor, Ludgate Hill.

M. J. EARP.

ability to beat Derby County at Derby. If they can do this, they can do anything.

While not a single tie in the third round can be looked upon as a certainty by any club, I fancy there is a greater degree of doubt hanging over the match between Bolton Wanderers and Liverpool than any other tie. Many fancy the chances of Liverpool, but it must be remembered that they are playing on their opponents' ground, and this means such a lot in these days.

The other tie will create tremendous excitement in Nottingham, where the two leading clubs of that kind are drawn together. It is to be hoped that the local feeling will not vent itself in riot. Although the Foresters belong to the First Division of the League and Notts County to the Second, there is not much to choose between them in point of merit; but as the Foresters play on their own ground they may just pull through.

A good deal of interest is being shown in the forthcoming match between the Old Boys and the Rest of London to be played on Wednesday



PARTNERS AT BACK.

"LET ME CATCH YOU SMOKING AGAIN!"

next. If the teams play as chosen, it should be a very close match, but I am afraid before the day comes, as is usual in mid-week matches, a number of the selected players will fall out.

In the Rugby world the next big event is the meeting of Ireland and Scotland at Dublin. Ireland's chances of the International Championship are supposed to be very rosy indeed, but I doubt whether they will manage to defeat Scotland. The Irish team is, with one exception, the same which defeated England, but the Scotsmen will not be likely to make the mistake of believing that the match is as good as won before they take the field. It ought to produce a tremendous battle, and it will be interesting to note whether the science of the Scots will be able to withstand the fierce rushes of the heavy Irish Brigade.

Suggestions are being aired on all sides for the selection of the English team to meet Scotland, and it seems to be a fairly general opinion that one or two forwards of the Lohden type will require to be introduced. With Wells at half-back to partner Taylor we should be all right; but it is likely that another man will be found to supersede Hooper.

Bedford are probably the only undefeated Rugby club of any note in Britain. Some people hope and others expect that they will be able to keep their unbeaten record intact until the end of the season; but I rather think that the Old Leysians, next Saturday, and the Barbarians, on the following week, will prove a little too strong for the men of Bedford.

It is rather singular that Lancashire should not have a single representative among England's Internationals this season. I can't remember the time when Lancashire did not have one or more players in the English fifteen. It is said that Jim Valentine, of Swinton, is in his best form at present, and quite worthy of his International cap.

CRICKET.

Many are the pretty stories that the Australians have been regaling their friends with since they arrived in their own country. Blackham, however, traverses most of them by saying that the quarrels among the team were no greater than on previous visits. If this be so Australian cricketers must be a particularly quarrelsome lot. Blackham attributes the lack of success to the English fast bowlers, especially Lockwood and Richardson. I believe he is quite right. It is a most notorious fact that the Australians failed against nearly every fast bowler, and, although Surrey County was very low down in the championship indeed, it was the only club that managed to defeat the Australians twice. Blackham says that English cricketers have learned the lesson of Spofforth's fast ball all too well. It seems strange that Australia cannot produce at least one fast bowler.

AQUATICS.

According to some of the best judges, the 'Varsity Boat Race of '94 is as good as a gift for the Dark Blues. They are probably as strong as they were last year, while the Cantabs are making no sort of shape at all. Of course, it wants some time yet to the day of the race, and a good deal may happen between now and then, but I believe nothing short of a miracle will upset Oxford's chances.

OLYMPIAN.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*On Hunting
Moose.*

An account I have just been reading about moose-calling in Nova Scotia has brought to my recollection a little impromptu experience of my own in the same way, which I think is not without its interest. I was out in the extreme north-west of Manitoba after bear and moose. One day—a very windy day it was—I was, as usual, on the path with an old Cree hunter, my constant companion. It was evening, and we were pretty sick, for we had had a run of bad luck. That very morning, owing to the denseness of the scrub, I had hit a young bull too high up—on the withers, in short—and he had "gone." It was useless to follow him, for a moose wounded in that way will virtually go for ever. After a bit we had hit off the track of a second—a big bull. At any rate, he had a huge slot and a big head. We could tell this from the wide passage made as he scraped right and left with his horns when passing

nostrils puffing out in clouds, not thirty yards from where we were crouching behind a bush. His magnificent skin, one of the finest and darkest I ever saw, is lying over my sofa now.

Hunting Calls. In Paris, the other day, I was present at a most interesting performance. It consisted of music entirely played upon the old, traditional French hunting horns or bugles—those curious coiled instruments which one sees in the old pictures of the chase in France. Into the pieces played were woven all the calls known to French *vénerie*, from those mediæval ones which we ourselves once possessed to those which still survive in France to-day, but which we in England have now long lost. Unfortunately, through not being familiar with the subject, a great deal given was lost upon myself, but I understood enough to be able to recognise the strikingly distinctive character of the music. In it were the elements of breeze and woodland life; it was forest music, and could be nothing else. What a pity it does seem that we have lost all this, that we have reduced the whole code of hunting calls to a simple "toot-toot" upon the horn!



through the bush. But it was windy, and the moose was very suspicious. And for the rest of that day we were describing semicircles about each other—the moose trying to get our wind, and we trying to track him down. This interesting but most tantalising game went on till evening, and then we judged it better to stop. So we drew off down wind about half a mile and lay down to sleep, meaning to follow on again at dawn.

Very soon I was asleep; but about two hours later *Bagged at Last.* I again awoke. It was a marvellous moonlit night, and even as I awoke I became conscious of a sound that held me spellbound. Crash! Bang! Two bull moose were fighting in the bush, certainly not two hundred yards away. I crawled off to where the Cree was lying asleep and woke him. It seemed to me that it would be easy enough to follow the direction of the sound, and make sure of a shot at one of the animals in the strong moonlight; but the Cree explained that this was useless. There was nothing for it but to try and call the moose. The Cree had no trick-bark trumpet or other instrument; he simply lay down, and, burying his face in the moss, blew between his hand a wild, weird sort of cry, intended to imitate the cry of the female moose. At once the noise of battle ceased, and presently, as the Cree repeated his cry, we heard the crashing of twigs as a big animal moved towards us. I have not room here to describe properly the exciting moments of suspense that followed. Suffice it to say that at the end of perhaps half an hour, though it seemed an age, there stepped out into the moonlight a magnificent bull moose. He stood, the steam from his

A STEAM FIRE FLOAT FOR ALEXANDRIA.

It is somewhat of a paradox that this country should at one time fire on Alexandria and at another supply it with the means of protection from fire. Messrs. Merryweather have supplied the latter in the shape of a powerful floating steam fire-engine. Some eight years ago such an engine was supplied by this firm to the Egyptian Government, and now the Chamber of Commerce of Alexandria has equipped itself with a larger boat, which was successfully experimented with in Deptford Creek the other week, and is illustrated above. The new boat is of steel, 60 ft. long, 10 ft. 6 in. beam, and with full complement of coal, water, &c., a draft of only 18 in., being intended for use on the Mamoudieh Canal, to protect the cotton warehouses which line its banks. The boiler is Merryweather's patent fire-engine type, vertical, of Lowmoor iron, and fitted with curved and inclined water-tubes. Steam can be raised from cold water to 100 lb. pressure within ten minutes from the time of lighting the fire, and easily maintained. Whistle, safety-valves, pressure-gauges, injector and tank, feed pump, and feed from main pump are fitted, and the funnel is hinged for passing under bridges. The engine is of the celebrated "Greenwich" pattern, having two steam cylinders and a pair of double-acting gun-metal pumps. This vessel will travel to the scene of an outbreak, and bring to bear an amount of water such as could only be thrown by fifteen ordinary land steam fire-engines.

SUNLIGHT SOAP COMPETITIONS.

232,000 Prizes of Bicycles, Watches, and Books, value £41,904.

The First of these Monthly Competitions will be held on January 31, 1894, to be followed by others each month during 1894.

Competitors to save as many "SUNLIGHT" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called the "Coupons") are to be sent, enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the Competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of Coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, marked on the Postal Wrapper (top left-hand corner), with the NUMBER of the DISTRICT Competitor lives in.

No. of District	For this Competition the United Kingdom will be divided into 8 Districts, as under:	The Prizes will be awarded every month during 1894, in each of the 8 Districts, as under:	Value of Prizes given each month in each District.			Total value of Prizes in all the 8 Districts during 1894.		
			£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1.	IRELAND.	Every month, in each of the 8 Districts, the 5 Competitors who send the largest number of Coupons from the District in which they reside will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's "Premier" Safety Cycle, with Dunlop Pneumatic Tyres, value £20" The next 20 Competitors will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's "Waltham" Stem-Winding Silver Lever Watch, value £4 4s. The next 200 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 5s. ... The next 300 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 3s. 6d. ... The next 400 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s. 6d. ... The next 500 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s. ... The next 1000 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 1s. ... <small>o The Bicycles are the celebrated Helical (Spiral) Tube "Premier" Cycles (Highest Award Chicago, 1893), manufactured by the "Premier" Cycle Co., Ltd., of Coventry and London, fitted with Dunlop 1894 Pneumatic Tyres, Salisbury's "Invincible" Lamp, Lamplugh's 493 Saddle, Harrison's Gong, Tool Valves, Pump, &c.</small>	100	0	0	9600	0	0
2.	SCOTLAND.		34	0	0	3064	0	0
3.	MIDDLESEX, KENT, and SURREY.		50	0	0	4800	0	0
4.	NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, and YORKSHIRE.		52	10	0	5040	0	0
5.	CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, LANCASHIRE, and ISLE OF MAN.		50	0	0	4800	0	0
6.	WALES, CHESHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, SHROPSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, and HEREFORDSHIRE.		50	0	0	4800	0	0
7.	NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, RUTLANDSHIRE, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, and OXFORDSHIRE.		50	0	0	4800	0	0
8.	ESSEX, HERTFORDSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, SUSSEX, HAMPSHIRE, WILTSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, SOMERSETSHIRE, DORSETSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, CORNWALL, ISLE OF WIGHT, and CHANNEL ISLANDS.		50	0	0	4800	0	0
						41,904	0	0

RULES.

I. The Competitions will Close the last day of each month. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

II. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, and their families are debarred from competing.

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MISS MINNIE PALMER.

A CHAT WITH "THE LITTLE WIDOW."

Miss Minnie Palmer's courteous manager welcomes a representative of *The Sketch* with the assurance that "The Little Widow" will be soon disengaged, and ready to face, for, perhaps, the hundredth time, the ordeal of the interview.

Miss Minnie Palmer, even off the stage, looks little more than a child; masses of fair hair circle the pretty, babyish face, and she has not yet lost all trace of the American accent which gives such a curious quaintness to her interpretation of her famous title-*role*, "My Sweetheart."

"So you want to know all about me?" begins "The Little Widow," flinging herself back in one of the two stalls where the informal chat takes place. "Well, I was born in Pennsylvania, and I made up my



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS MINNIE PALMER.

mind that I would be an actress when I was quite a tiny child; in fact, while still at school, near New York, I used to get up little comedies and dramas with the other girls, and I suppose it was this sort of thing that first gave me a taste for the stage."

"Then you do not come of a theatrical family?"

"No; although my cousin, Henry Palmer, was a well-known actor, and made a great success in an adaptation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Still, I do not know that I should ever have really entered the profession had it not been that my mother's health broke down when I was about nine years old, and she was ordered by her doctors to undertake a trip to Europe. It was during the course of a somewhat lengthened stay abroad that I took lessons in dancing from the ballet-master of the Vienna Opera House, and when we returned to America I had quite made up my mind that I would become an actress or perish in the attempt. After a good deal of difficulty, I persuaded my mother to allow me to have my way, and so I made my *début*, at the age of thirteen, in the somewhat ambitious part of Titania."

"You must be as good as a stock company in yourself, Miss Palmer?"

"Well," she admitted, laughing, "I have played a good many parts in my time, and hope to play many more. Before I was fifteen I was touring the States, playing Bertha to the Dan'l Druce of Lawrence Barrett, our great tragedian. I was also very successful in a comedy

called 'Minnie Palmer's Boarding School,' which ran for two years. I thought it would never come to an end."

"And how about 'My Sweetheart'?"

"Of course, that has been my great part," acknowledged Miss Palmer, shaking her pretty head resignedly. "I played it continuously for four years, and from the first day it was a brilliant success; but one gets very tired of the same part," she added, then dropping her voice, "I got to almost hate 'My Sweetheart,' not but what I ought to be grateful to the poor little dear, for both my English and American audiences have been very faithful to her."

"Which do you prefer, singing, dancing, or acting?"

"It is difficult to say. I thoroughly enjoy all three at proper times and seasons. You know I took Letty Lind's part in 'Morocco Bound' for a time last summer. Yet, one of my favourite earlier *rôles* was that of Louise in 'The Two Orphans.' Although you may find it difficult to believe, pathos has always been my strong point. Still, I quite admit that a comedy part is far easier."

"I consider that an actress should follow her natural bent. You see, stage-craft cannot be taught. I never had an elocution lesson in my life, and I cannot help thinking all that sort of thing must teach one to be stagey and unnatural."

"And have you any special views on the subject of exercise and diet?"

"You mean in reference to acting? A great many comedians will tell you never to touch anything until your work is over for the day. However," she continued airily, "I can only dance on a heavy meal, and I hear that Minnie Hawk in this particular is much the same as myself. As for exercise, when I was in Australia I used to ride a great deal, but in London one finds that there is so much to be done that there is little time for that sort of thing."

"You must have had some strange experiences during your professional career?"

"Yes, indeed, especially while acting in 'My Sweetheart.' One lady, who dwells in Islington, made me a beautiful sun-bonnet and sent it to me, and another—tell it not in Gath!—embroidered me a pair of green silk stockings. Of course, I have received the strangest epistles, the strangest presents, and, I may add, the strangest callers. The most curious sort of people seem to come to theatres."

"Escaped lunatics and the like?"

"You would hardly call them that, poor dears," answered the lady pleasantly. "I feel on such thoroughly good terms with my audiences that I should be sorry to believe in the temporary aberration of even the most eccentric pittite."

"One word more, Miss Palmer, what about 'The Little Widow'?"

"Well, if the public only laugh as much at the performance as we used to do during rehearsal I shall have nothing to complain of."

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

Popular
Concerts.

If anyone had wanted to hear concerted music at its best, he could have chosen no more satisfactory example than the rendering accorded to Mendelssohn's string Quartet in D at the Popular Concert on the 12th. This piece was beautifully played by Dr. Joachim and his colleagues. The violin solo for the evening was Bach's Chaconne. Mr. Leonard Borwick repeated by desire his wonderfully artistic playing of Schumann's "Fantasiestücke," which is a great effort of memory as well as a study in contrast. The vocalist was Mr. Bispham.—The programme on the 17th included Mozart's Quintet in E and Brahms's Sonata in A major, given by Dr. Joachim and Miss Fanny Davies.

I am glad to chronicle the election of Mrs. Jacob to a vocal professorship at the Royal Academy of Music.

The lady will be pleasantly remembered in many a concert room under her maiden name of Agnes Larkcom, and is most efficient to train others to reap the success she so long enjoyed.—Mr. Ben Davies has been rapturously received in Berlin.—In the admirable series of well-printed volumes entitled "Masters of Contemporary Music" (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.) Mr. Arthur Herve has written that which relates to French composers; he deals with Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Thomas, and others in a carefully analytical style which is distinctly valuable. There are excellent portraits, and much information that is fresh. The volume had a predecessor in Mr. C. Willeby's book dealing with English composers, and will shortly have a successor treating of German composers, by Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, who, I need hardly add, holds the responsible position of *Times* critic.—The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society was honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe at the second smoking concert of the season. The Queen's Hall was well filled, and extra interest in the programme centred in the appearance of Mr. Leonard Borwick at the pianoforte. Madame Belle Cole came on from the Royal Victoria Hall, where she had been delighting the essentially popular audience which gathered there, and was no less enthusiastically applauded by her more aristocratic auditors. Madame Boyanoska also sang with success, and there is no need to praise Mr. George Mount's conducting.—Just a few words of well deserved praise must be accorded to the first efforts of the Imperial Institute Amateur Orchestra, which gave an admirable concert on the 14th, under Mr. Albert Randegger's able conductorship. Miss Beatrice Langley played Mendelssohn's violin Concerto in E minor particularly well.

LUTE.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

A victory by a majority of two votes must be construed into nothing but defeat for Mr. Asquith on the Contracting-out Clause. As this is now to be the important question of electioneering politics, I can only express my wonder that Mr. Gladstone should have allowed his "young Home Secretary" to play such a dangerous game. It shows how much Mr. Asquith has impressed the G.O.M. But as the crowning episode of Mr. Asquith's early essays at statesmanship it really is rather remarkable, and makes one reflect seriously on all that Mr. Asquith has done before.

WHAT HAS MR. ASQUITH DONE?

Mr. Asquith, Q.C., is a little over forty, and bounded into the Cabinet from being one of the least business-like of unofficial Gladstonians in the last Parliament. He had made himself prominent, partly by assiduous work for, and pushing by, the Eighty Club, partly by asking Mr. Gladstone some awkward questions about Home Rule. He had made a considerable reputation at the Bar as a junior, and had recently taken silk, and as a Q.C. it was known in legal circles that his business had considerably fallen off. His advance to the position of Cabinet Minister at £5000 a year was distinctly a rise, and we may assume that he would not much enjoy abandoning this £5000 a year in order to return to the Bar—if, indeed, it is etiquette for a Home Secretary to return to advocacy. Let it be granted that Mr. Asquith is a good speaker, clear, self-confident, and terse; he has a good manner, and a very capable brain, without much tendency towards diplomatic arts. As a Home Secretary he is popularly supposed to have been a success. This supposition is mainly due to his courage, his capacity for brave words, and the praise he has extorted from opponents for unflinchingly opposing his own party on certain occasions. His real personal popularity with his party (except in the Press) is doubtful. They like his firmness when, it is on their side. He opened Trafalgar Square, a move which has in due time brought about his own hanging in effigy there. He has appointed enough additional factory inspectors, some of them ladies, to earn trade-unionist thanks, both of these moves having been urged by Tories upon Mr. Matthews time after time. He brought in a Pistols Bill, which would have done good, but Mr. Hopwood, Q.C., of his own party, objected at a critical stage, and Mr. Asquith weakly dropped the Bill altogether. The memory of this second Mr. Asquith doubtless desires to remove by backing up the Trade Unionists on this Contracting-out Clause.

AN UNTENABLE POSITION.

What is there in this record to justify Mr. Asquith's obstinacy? He had the impudence on Tuesday to tell the House of Commons that he was tired of explaining his own reasons for objecting to contracting-out. As he has not yet given any decent ones, he may possibly be tired of hunting for better. The fact is that Mr. Asquith is a good deal too cocksure about himself, and that has always been his fault, both in Parliament and during his legal career. It is a good quality sometimes, but not always; and he will find in the country that he has made a great mistake. The plain issue in the Contracting-out Clause is whether the working men themselves shall or shall not have a voice in deciding whether to go in under the Bill or keep their insurance funds; and if the workmen do not strike for freedom of choice, as the Unionist party and the Peers demand their right to do, but for coercion such as the New Trade Unionists propose, they are a very queer and "new" sort of Englishmen.

THE FATE OF PARISH COUNCILS.

As for the Parish Councils Bill—well, the Liberal Unionists have insisted that the Bill shall pass. There is no more to be said. The Tories have made their protest; the Conservative point of view has been brilliantly stated in both Houses, and now we must make the best we can of an experiment the dangers of which we foresee. The Liberal Unionist attitude is easily explicable. They will not allow anything to obscure the fact that their alliance with Toryism is against Home Rule, and that that issue must not be weakened by creating other important points of difference at this critical stage for Gladstonianism to brag about. This, as I have repeatedly pointed out, is a penalty we are bound to pay for the Unionist alliance. You can't have Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury in conjunction for nothing. The Lords will, of course, give way, and the issue over the Employers' Liability Bill will gain by being the only point in dispute. From an electioneering point of view, we are compelled to remember that, greatly as Conservatism is advancing in the country, we should be in a very bad condition still were the Liberal Unionist vote to go over to the Gladstonians. The opposition to the Parish Councils Bill was strictly Conservative, while that to the non-contracting-out provision comes from Mr. Chamberlain, with his scheme of universal insurance, even more than from Mr. Balfour. With a minority in the House of Commons, even counting the Liberal Unionists, it is difficult to make a stand against the Radicals. But without the Liberal Unionists it is impossible, and, if the House of Lords were relied upon, an appeal to the country in the face of Liberal Unionist defection would be impracticable. This is what is known as practical politics, and is apt to be sickening to a good Conservative; but, short of throwing up the sponge, it is the only way. The ground is now cleared, however, of the anticipated deadlock on the Parish Councils Bill, and the Government will go on to a second session with at least one important Bill passed in the course of a year and a-quarter.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Two events of importance have happened since I wrote last. The Commons have sent back the Employers' Liability Bill under circumstances which make its loss inevitable, and they have utterly smashed and pulverised Lord Salisbury's mutilation of the Parish Councils Bill. The two situations have been curiously diverse. With regard to the first, what I may call the London and North-Western clique in the Liberal party has succeeded in weakening the hands of the Government, and that, combined with the fact that there was a storm in the Irish Channel and that Irish members came up nearly thirty short of their proper number, pulled down the Ministerialist majority. There were two tactical questions. The first was that shadow of a compromise called the Cobb amendment, under which it was proposed to give existing societies a time limit of three years, during which their members were to be allowed to contract themselves out of the Bill. The second was to permit of no contracting-out, and, with the exception of the Cobb amendment, to send back the Dudley clause as it stood. The compromise, however, pleased nobody. The Tories and Unionists scoffed at it, the Radicals did not like it, two or three London and North-Western Liberals would not vote for it, and at least a dozen men were in two minds whether they would help the Government better by voting with or against them. As a result, it was carried by a bare majority of two, which, of course, will be accepted by the Lords as something of a justification. Really, it does not amount to anything of the kind, for the small majority was due, not to the fact that the amendment did not go far enough to meet the Peers, but that it went much too far. On the later division the majority of twenty-two was, as I have said, due to thirty Irish members being absent unpaired. That in itself was serious enough, but it had nothing to do with the political issue before the country. However, the Bill is now dead, and there will be a great trade-unionist agitation against the Peers. But, as the Lords will simply reinsert the Dudley amendment, and will leave the Commons nothing to amend, the game of battledore and shuttlecock is at an end and the measure drops.

PARISH COUNCILS ALIVE.

There has been a remarkable distinction, however, between what has happened to Employers' Liability and to Parish Councils. In the former case the Lords have, for the moment, been kept on their course; in the latter they have been completely snuffed out. A more decided and contemptuous verdict on their discretion and judgment could not be imagined than the first day's debate on their amendment. They did not find a single friend. Mr. Chamberlain talked to them like a stepfather; Mr. Balfour, with undisguised embarrassment, had either to sit still while his uncle's pet notions were being torn to pieces, or to hesitate a few ambiguous sentences in their support, and then tell the House he did not propose to trouble it to divide. It was humiliation after humiliation. When the Tories ventured to enter the division lobbies they were beaten by majorities ranging from 69 to 116, and it was only on a cross and confused vote that the Government majority sank to anything like its normal figure. As for the debate, there is only one way of describing it, and that is by saying that the Peers were simply flattened out. All the experts, Unionists as well as Gladstonians, were against them, and the debate practically showed that Lord Salisbury had acted with a rashness and a want of knowledge of his subject which have gravely damaged his position as a party leader. Indeed, people are already talking of superseding him by the Duke of Devonshire. Lord Salisbury and the Bishops between them refused to give up the school-rooms for the use of meetings on allotments and for candidates for the Parish Councils; yet, by a Bill introduced by his own Government, these rooms had been expressly opened, not only for these purposes, but for much larger ones. Nothing could give a better idea of the helter-skelter, unthinking way in which Lord Salisbury goes on. The truth is that he lives quite apart from the ordinary currents of political life. He is a recluse, seeing little but his own immediate family circle, and getting no ideas from the outer world. In foreign policy, no doubt, he has a general and constant interest, but nothing was clearer than that he knew hardly anything of the way in which, not to say his own country, but his own county, his own union, his own parish is governed.

KING JOSEPH THE FIRST.

Meanwhile, the hero or the villain of the piece—according as people choose to look at it—is Mr. Chamberlain. The strong lead taken by the Unionists against the Lords' amendments was undoubtedly his work, as he showed unmistakably in the course of debate. The Unionist meeting in Devonshire House earlier in the day had shown a very wide diversity of view between the Lords and the Unionists. "Why on earth cannot you let English Bills alone?" was the cry of more than one Unionist stalwart. As the debate developed it was clear that Mr. Chamberlain was going to stand no nonsense, and that if the Tories would not follow him he would lead his entire band into the same lobby as the Government. By one of those stupid accidents for which, again, Lord Salisbury's want of interest in politics was responsible one of the amendments passed by the Lords wiped out a proposal which emanated from Mr. Chamberlain himself. The result was two or three little speeches by the Member for West Birmingham which recalled in spirit, if not in phrasing, some of his old Radical deliverances. They were fired right into the Tory ranks opposite, and a very uncomfortable impression they created. No one is a greater adept at smashing up a hollow case than the Member for West Birmingham, and he used his power to the utmost.



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MY EDITORS.

BY A "LADY JOURNALIST."

I've had a good many, and, with the present brilliant exception, a very bad lot they've been. It pains me to confess it. I took up journalism—or, rather, journalism took me up, for I became a journalist by accident, not intention—when I was twenty, nearly six years ago. If I stay at the trade another six years I shall be saved the necessity of making any provision for old age. My first editor was Mr. Brown. He was a man of stern mien, and on first being introduced I admit feeling a little afraid of him. He posed as a cynic, my colleagues informed me, but was "really not a bad sort." His chief ambition appeared to be a desire to be thought unfathomable. And indeed he was unfathomable—as unfathomable as the lake in St. James's Park, only he hadn't so solid a bottom. He succeeded in giving most people the impression of being deep, deep, deep as the sea. But nobody could possibly be as deep as he looked; his expression was one of sphinx-like indifference, except when he contemplated making matters warm for you. Then he smiled quite amiably. In an early stage of our acquaintance I discovered that he went absolutely by the rules of contrary. I have since discovered contrariness to be the chief characteristic of all editors—present one, of course, excepted, though I hope that this day six months I may not be regretting that I didn't include him in the same category! Another eccentric little trait common to editors is the fact that they never by any chance say what they mean. In fact, the only possible way of dealing with them is to go on the same tack as the lawyers—that is, ask the wrong question to get the right answer. Thus, if I wished to know Mr. Brown's opinion on some particular subject, I would remark in a tone of the utmost nonchalance, "Then, you don't care for that style of article, Mr. Brown? It isn't what you want—not the sort of thing that would interest your readers?" Ten to one he would reply, "On the contrary, I think it very good indeed. It's just what I want, and just what I think the readers of the paper would be interested in. If you've anything similar on hand, let me have it at once." Then, in the dull season, if I wanted illustrations for my weekly article—just to fill out space—I only got them by pretending that I didn't want them.

My second editor was Mr. Schuffle. I don't know that I have anything very dreadful to say of Mr. Schuffle. He had a non-committal air, and I believe he has never been known to express an unqualified opinion on anything or anybody in print or out. Like Mr. Brown, he gloried in the idea of being thought inscrutable, though he didn't behave in quite so mysterious a manner. I was not a member of his staff very long. I left him to go to Mr. Sparewell, whom I found to be a person of logical ideas. Especially logical was Mr. Sparewell in his estimation of one's abilities. I tried to make special terms with him once for an article, the material for which would involve a considerable amount of personal discomfort, not to say actual pain. His reply was, "The price of an article is what you can get if done for," which, when I tell you that at that time I was almost on the brink of starvation, you will perceive was a very logical remark. I undertook the article, and it boomed the paper. Mr. Sparewell was more esoteric than the other two gentlemen, though, on the whole, I preferred him to either. There are editors whose appreciation of one's work gradually deteriorates from the day it is published till pay-day comes round. There are editors who kiss, and there are editors who curse, and there are editors who think that a lady journalist can do nothing so well as a man. If one's work is vigorous, it's wanting in feminine charm; if it's pretty and graceful, it is milk-and-water goodness.

In applying to an editor for work, it is as well to let him know how very busy you are in other quarters. Editors, like the rest of the world—or, at least, the rest of mankind—only want the unattainable. The people they run after are not necessarily the cleverest people, but the people all the other newspapers are clamouring for.

Mr. Sparke was one of the editors who kiss. He had the audacity to attempt to kiss me once. "Confounded cheek!" is what you will probably think if a man; "Then she must have brought it on herself," is, of course, what you will at once say if a woman.

I was not a member of Mr. Sparke's staff, and, needless to say, I took the precaution of having a friend with me when I went to call upon him again. Mr. Sparke is supposed to be extremely susceptible where our sex is concerned. It is said—and no petty feeling of jealousy shall prevent my repeating it here—that the distractingly pretty Miss — can twist him round her little finger. She takes little or no notice when she goes to see him—she simply talks to his secretary, which, I expect, is Miss —'s artful method of bringing Mr. Sparke to her feet. By-the-way, Miss — is said to have a very attractive literary style. Her style in bonnets is also very attractive. Alas, poor me! I am not pretty—at least, not very—nor is my taste in bonnets remarkably so. So I am not privileged to write dull, didactic articles which nobody will read. My "copy" goes into the paper on its merit.

Mr. Bland is the politest editor I ever met. If you call at his office you may be almost sure of being allowed an audience. His policy is to be civil to everybody. He is always on the look-out to discover genius and modesty together—for when genius is modest it can be got cheap. Now that I have become the —'s Special Commissioner, and am too busy to work for him, he "cottons" to me.

Of course, before I could write this article I saw that it would be necessary for me to insure myself against damage, and on that account the matter had to be postponed once or twice. But I'm insured at last. I am no longer at the mercy of one editor:—I write for fifty.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

As there appears to be a difficulty in carrying on several packs of hounds in this country owing to want of funds, I think many race meetings which profit by fixtures held under National Hunt Rules ought to be called upon to subsidise certain packs. If this were done, we should, I am sure, soon have more steeplechase horses running, as M.F.H.'s would at once become more sympathetic towards winter racing, and this is just what is wanted to make steeplechasing prosper.

One of the very best of our gentlemen riders is Mr. F. B. Atkinson, who owns several useful horses, that are trained in Escott's stable at Lewes.



Photo by Mayall, Brighton.

MR. F. B. ATKINSON.

Mr. Atkinson is a fearless rider, and I should say he has broken the greater portion of his limbs in his day; but these accidents have not checked his pluck, and, all being well, he will have the mount on Warrington or Nelly Gray in the Grand National next month. Mr. Atkinson takes the liveliest interest in the schooling of his horses, and he rides them in their home gallops two or three times a week as a rule. He shows equally well on the flat and over a country, and he has often ridden the winners of the South-down Club events at the Lewes Meeting. Mr. Atkinson is married, and has a son, who often attends the Plumpton Meeting with his father.

Racing telegrams, it seems, cost the Post Office people a lot of

expense, and it is doubtful if much profit is got out of them, owing to the number of repeat messages. If there were fewer Press messages and more private telegrams, a good profit on the working would be assured. But of late years, it seems, since the evening papers brought out early editions, tipsters' telegrams from the course have fallen off considerably, as the public have found out that they could get all the latest news for a halfpenny, instead of having to pay 2s. 6d. for some advertising man's finals. Result messages after the big races are as numerous as ever, and these must prove a fruitful source of revenue to the department.

It was rumoured some time ago that Lord Falmouth was about to run a few horses. His Lordship up to now has made no sign. I hope, however, that we shall ere long see the black, white sleeves, sported on a racecourse. Lord Falmouth has established a breeding stud.

I should advise Mr. Mainwaring to get a typewriter, as it is just possible that mistakes have often occurred in the deciphering of the weights he has allotted by pen to certain horses. I make this remark because Mr. Mainwaring says he gave Cloister 12 st. 12 lb. in the Grand National, and the horse's weight is printed officially as 12 st. 7 lb. It may be possible to make mistakes in Old Burlington Street, but I must say the telegraph clerks employed by the Post Office just now are as near perfect as possible. I open, on an average, two thousand telegrams per week dealing with all branches of sport, and containing mostly names and figures. Well, it is the exception rather than the rule to meet with a single error during the six days, and if there is a mistake it is invariably traceable to the reporter at the other end.

Your regular racegoer is nothing if not fashionable, and I am sure the West-End tailors do better out of racegoers than any other customers—that is, if they get paid. On the other hand, the bookmakers, who are supposed to make all the money, do not affect the latest fashions. True, Mr. Lance Logan who, by-the-bye, is a personal friend of Mr. G. R. Sims, is very particular about his get-up, and he always looks neat and tasty. On the other hand, Mr. R. H. Fry dresses very plainly, and Mr. Joe Thompson always seems to like his old clothes. Mr. James O'Connor dresses in black, and Mr. Jack Percival in a dark suit. Mr. Dick Dunn goes in for check, and Mr. C. White dark clothes and a white hat in winter, and light clothes and a straw hat in the summer. Mr. Ben Cooper affects ordinary dress, and Mr. C. Hibbert clothes himself like an owner in cloth breeches and gaiters. Mr. Harry Marks's weakness is hats. He often wears the shape favoured by Lord Ailesbury. A year or two back Lord Rosslyn was so infatuated with one of Mr. Marks's hats that he got one like it, as a present from the bookmaker. In return, his Lordship gave Mr. Marks Stokesby—one of the worst horses in training, I should say.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—millinery, and certainly the shop windows at least are doing their best to convince us that spring has come, and a peep at the hats and bonnets therein displayed makes us feel that felts and feathers are out of date, and that



the reign of straw and flowers has commenced. Truth to tell, so airy and flowery are all the new hats and bonnets that one is tempted to wonder what we shall have to fall back on when summer itself puts in an appearance. Take, for instance, a hat of the palest blue gauze, with a full gathered brim, the crown being tied in with a band of black moiré ribbon, which forms a high bow at the back, another bow being placed at the left side, together with two jetted quills—this was one of Mrs. Farey's newest productions, and when I called in to see her at 231, Regent Street, the other day, I could well have imagined, from a sight of the surrounding millinery, that we were well into June or July.



I was immensely pleased, too, with a very smart hat of Panama straw, the brim on top being covered with black moiré and the front ornamented with a high bow of the same rich fabric, while for further trimming there was a dainty jetted osprey and a cluster of pinkish-mauve violets with tender green leaves and delicate-hued stalks. Under the brim was a bandeau of shot velvet in exactly the same shade as the violets, a trailing cluster of the dear wee flowers falling on to the hair at the back. A hat such as this could be worn with almost

any gown, and is altogether so delightful that I was obliged to have its beauties recorded in a sketch, and for the same reason I felt convinced that the "Fairy" toque deserved to be immortalised. You never saw a daintier, smarter head-covering. It was of handsome cut jet open work, bordered with a twist of leaf-green velvet, the ends of which were caught in at the back by a natty little jet bow. In front there was a high bow of velvet, in which nestled some upstanding sprays of dark-hued violets, loose clusters of which fell over the hair at the back. This toque looked lovely, too, trimmed with cerise velvet and exquisite roses in various shades of the same effective colour, and I do not think that any of you would mind paying two guineas for such a smart and becoming piece of millinery.

A most fascinating little bonnet, which commended itself to my artist as well as to myself, had a peaked crown of jet, bordered with a thick edging of ivy leaves, and trimmed in front with a bow of black lace fastened with a jet buckle, and at the back with a carelessly artistic bunch of cowslips and two gathered falls of lace. The strings were of black velvet ribbon, and without them it could easily pass muster as a toque.

Now for the hat, over which I believe my fancy lingered longest. It was of coarse yellow straw, the brim having an edging of fine black straw, while underneath it was covered with black net spangled with jet sequins. For trimming it had hanging fringes of black violets and clusters of black roses, in most effective contrast being the large bow of turquoise-blue velvet, which was placed at the back and fastened in the centre with a cut jet circle and jet cabochons. If you were to see this hat, with its lovely and uncommon colouring, you would, I think, understand its fascination and fall a victim to its charms yourselves.

But I must not forget the bonnets, for there was one dainty little Parisian confection which it would be a perfect crime to pass over in silence. The crown was entirely covered with jet sequins, and was edged with a frill of fine black lace, the soft pleats and folds forming a charming setting for a young and pretty face. For trimming it had erect sprays of velvet violets, and at the back an upstanding frill or comb of black lace, from beneath which fell a curtain of violets. I think this bonnet would make the most confirmed hat-lover waver in her allegiance. Another was formed of a combination of gold lace, jet, and moiré, caught here and there with diamond pins, and tied with broad moiré strings; and still one more was of jet edged with curled feather trimming, and having a bunch of violets at each side, and in the centre a green velvet bow, fastened with a diamond and emerald buckle, and backed by a jetted osprey. I think that from all these you will be able to find something at 231, Regent Street in which to

welcome the advent of spring, and in case you want, in addition, a very serviceable and smart everyday hat, let me recommend you to ask Mrs. Farey to show you one of dark tan-coloured felt, trimmed with a twist of green velvet, bunches of violets, and two black quills. And, best of all, it is only 18s. 9d.

So much for hats and bonnets, and now a word upon the all-important subject of the Drawing Rooms. Panniers do not seem to be included in the most favoured styles, but nearly all the skirts are being made with festoons or flounces of more or less costly lace; while as to material,

[Continued on page 213.]



THE "FAIRY" TOQUE.

ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE.

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H.R.H. The Duchess of York. of sweet odours."

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&c., in all subdued shades, equally adapted for
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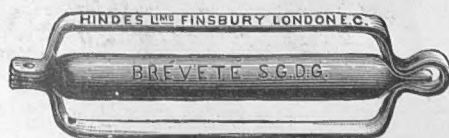
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and delicate as the
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For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening, and rendering the Hair beautifully Soft. For removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for Restoring Grey Hair to its natural colour it is without a rival.

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LONDON, W.C.



moiré, in the exquisite pale shades in which it looks best, is first favourite, many of the trains being composed of moiré brocaded with a rich floral design arranged in stripes, the effect being lovely.

What do you think of the accompanying original design for a Court train? The corsage is of eau-de-Nil satin, turned back, calyx

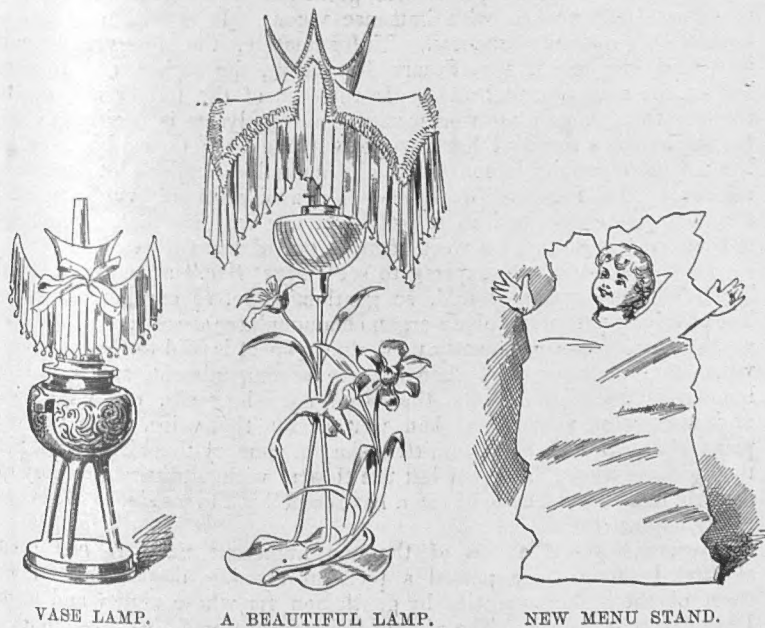
fashion, from a chemisette composed entirely of roses in varying shades of delicate pink, ropes of the same flowers forming the shoulder straps, while the sleeves consist of frills of exquisite lace, a touch of which outlines the décolletage. The petticoat, of the eau-de-Nil satin, is covered with exquisite opalescent embroidery, and the train from the shoulders is of opal satin, with a



ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR A COURT TRAIN.

wonderful shot effect of shell-pink and leaf-green, the appliquéd design being clusters of brown velvet bulrushes. The train is lined with a darker shade of green, and caught back with a huge spray of roses and a cluster of plumes. I think this gown would look most effective and original, and I hope some of you may make use of the design. I should also like to see it carried out in tender shades of violet and green, with violets on the corsage instead of roses.

I wonder if any of you have as strong an antipathy to gas as that which I invariably feel, save and except on those occasions when I am stranded in a bed-room without my spirit lamp, and the mirror shows



VASE LAMP.

A BEAUTIFUL LAMP.

NEW MENU STAND.

a disconcerting picture of an unbecomingly straight fringe? Then I cry, "Gas and curling-tongs for ever!" But at all other times give me the soft, mellow, and eminently becoming light of a lamp in preference to the harsh, uncompromising brightness of gas. To my thinking, you can never make a room, especially a drawing-room, look thoroughly artistic and pretty without the addition of two or three lamps and the utter exclusion of gas, and to those of you who share my enthusiasm let me recommend

a visit to Messrs. Williams and Bach's Aladdin-like "Palace of Lamps," at 92, New Bond Street, and if, when there, you do not promptly fall down and worship the Genii of the Lamp I shall be extremely astonished.

The infinite variety is a thing to wonder at, and Messrs. Williams and Bach have a perfect genius for utilising all manner of ornaments and vases and converting them into the most delightful lamps imaginable. Most people number two or three little bronze Indian vases among their possessions, and I have had one sketched for you which has been used as a receptacle for a dainty wee lamp, which is fitted with a "gondola" shade in yellow and white silk, edged with a fringe of ribbons, from which hang glistening crystal beads. If you care to use your own vases, you can have a lamp fitted into one for the modest sum of 7s. 6d., or lamp and vase complete can be had for 15s. 6d., the dainty little shade being 6s. 6d. extra. Two or three of these lamps on a dinner-table look delightfully pretty, but if you want a larger and more important table-lamp, what could be more beautiful than the one sketched, which is made in delicately coloured metal, a large lotus leaf forming the base, on which a stork is poised, surrounded by graceful sprays of lotus flowers in shades of pink and white and tender green leaves, from the centre of which rises the bowl of the lamp, in china, in lovely subdued shades of various harmonising colours? And yet, with all its beauty and exquisite workmanship, this lamp is only seventy-five shillings. The accompanying shade is of pale pink, brocaded with roses and leaves, and trimmed with ruchings of alternate green and pink ribbon. It is bordered with a fringe of ribbon in the two colours and crystal beads to match, and forms altogether a fitting finish to a particularly lovely lamp.

As to the little menu stand, it is a distinct novelty, and as such I seized upon it for you at once. It is of white china, supported at the back by a dainty little figure, the head of which peeps coquettishly through the top, the tiny hands appearing at the sides. At the back there is a little receptacle for flowers, and I fancy this pretty new menu stand will be very widely appreciated, especially when I tell you that the prices commence at 5s. 6d. I could tell you of dozens and scores of equally pretty novelties, but I want you to pay a visit of exploration yourself to this fairy-like palace, which is, unlike most of the fairy haunts, remarkably easy of access, though certainly it is rather a difficult matter to quit its fascinating precincts, for you require to give the lamp of your determination a good rub before you find yourself on the outside of 92, New Bond Street.

FLORENCE.

COMMUNICATION WITH VIENNA, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c.

The South-Eastern Railway announce that, in addition to the Orient Express by way of Dover, Calais, and Chalon on Sundays and Wednesdays, a further improvement has come into operation since the 15th instant, by which a *train de luxe*, consisting of sleeping cars and a dining car of the Wagons-Lits Company, runs from Ostend in connection with the train leaving Charing Cross at 10 a.m., Cannon Street at 10.5 a.m., and the boat from Dover at 11.54 a.m. The departure from Ostend is at 3.55 p.m., and, travelling through Brussels, Cologne, Frankfurt, and Passau, the arrival at Vienna 4.20 p.m., thus accomplishing the journey in a little over thirty hours. In the contrary direction the train leaves Vienna at 11 a.m. The Belgian State Railway Administration have also decided that the night mail services via Dover and Calais to and from Brussels will travel by a new route. The night mail from Charing Cross at 8.15 p.m. and Cannon Street at 8.20 p.m. now arrives at Brussels at 5.34 a.m., and in the contrary direction the departure from Brussels (Nord Station) is at 9.5 p.m., the arrival at Charing Cross remaining as before, namely, 5.55 a.m.

A SUICIDE CLUB.

The Thirteen Club is not "in it." Bridgeton, in New Jersey, has a Suicide Club, which, by-the-way, holds its second annual banquet to-morrow. This feast will be preceded by a short street parade, and the members will wear red badges on their coat lapels on which a skull and cross-bones are embroidered within a diamond. Before the banquet a drawing takes place, and the man who gets the black ball is pledged to commit suicide within a year. It has been declared that the one who draws the black ball can only escape his obligation to commit suicide by procuring a human skull and presenting it to the club. This is denied by the members, who refuse, however, to divulge what the forfeit must be. The manner of drawing has been learned to be this: The secretary is provided with a black bottle, in which are placed fifty marbles, one of which is black. The members stand in a row, the lights are turned down, and the secretary, after shaking the bottle, begins at the head of the line and drops a marble into the extended hand of each one, the last marble going to himself. The lights are then turned up and the marbles shown. The man who drew the black ball last year called it a put-up job. The process was repeated, and the black ball again went to him. He has not yet committed suicide, but is in jail on a charge of burglary.

A small consignment of most extraordinary tea from the Mount Vernon Estate, Ceylon, was sold last week by public auction in Mincing Lane at £8 10s. per lb. The tea was pronounced to be absolutely the finest ever grown. The purchasers were the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Feb. 17, 1894.

Herewith we beg to return you your application form and cheque in the matter of the Gigantic Wheel Company, and to inform you that, in the exercise of the discretion you were good enough to invest in us, we have refrained from sending it in. Your speculative instincts, dear Sir, were in this case wisely tempered with prudence, for had you sent the money direct to the company we fear much that only under severe pressure from your excellent solicitors would you ever have seen a penny of it again. If all our clients would act as wisely, we should be able to save them much loss and not a little heartburning.

The week has presented few interesting features, except that Colonial Loans, whether Government or Municipal, have increased in favour, while the silver position remains a black cloud upon an otherwise fairly clear sky. How strong is the investing public's affection for what it imagines to be a really useful security is made very evident by the result of the City of Hamilton Loan, which went off successfully, despite the fact that once upon a time this worthy Corporation repudiated its liabilities, and paid reduced interest upon its ancient debt for years. You have not forgotten it, we know, dear Sir, for you were a sufferer, with many others of our clients, in those days, now nearly thirty years ago.

The Home Railway market has been very dull, and the traffics for the past week are quite enough to account for the set-back. Mr. F. Saunders favoured the Great Western shareholders with a large number of platitudes at the meeting on Thursday last, which did not raise the price of the stock; but the most interesting point in connection with English railways is the continuance of the unhappy squabbles between the Chatham and the South-Eastern Companies, which will culminate on Tuesday next at the meeting of the former company. The truth is that as long as Mr. Forbes is chairman of one line and Sir Edward Watkin of the other it is impossible to prevent these outbreaks at all sorts of unexpected moments, and, although it has hitherto been the Member for Hythe who has been the most warlike, we confess that this time Mr. Forbes is the offending party. Some of the Chatham shareholders, we see, have taken the matter up, and issued a circular with which we have every sympathy; but, knowing the strength of railway chairmen and the supineness of shareholders, although we strongly advise you to vote with Mr. Whiteway and the other shareholders who seem determined to make a strong effort towards clipping the chairman's fighting instincts on this occasion, we do not expect that success will be the result of the movement.

Silver and rupee paper is worse than ever, and as a natural result the securities of silver-using countries are showing great depression. In truth, the position is very serious, and if the fall goes much further a crop of misfortunes might be produced which would put an end to the last hope of revival and improvement upon the Stock Exchange.

Peruvian Corporation and Uruguay stocks have been firm, while Greeks and Brazilians continue very heavy.

The eagerly-looked-for Grand Trunk statement and accounts have at last made their appearance, and very melancholy reading they are for the admirers of Sir Henry Tyler and Lord Claud Hamilton. The guaranteed get £2 12s. 6d. per cent. for the whole year, and the prospects of the preferences ever getting anything under the present régime seem about on a par with the chances of Little Chathams, and not so good as Sheffield A. Why on earth the whole body of stockholders do not rise up and make a clean sweep of Sir Henry Tyler and his gang is one of those mysteries which "no fellah can understand," for things cannot be worse, and, although, no doubt, "the rejected of Yarmouth" would kick and bite, if the shareholders took the smallest interest in their own property they would have tried new blood long ago.

In the States, people are waiting to see what the Senate is going to do with the Tariff Bill, upon which depends anything like a general and important improvement in trade.

We believe that the Bill will, with, perhaps, certain modifications, be successfully pushed through, and that you will do well to disregard all the stories you may hear, and stick to your bonds and shares. The Reading reorganisation is very much in the clouds at present; while as to Atchison, Mr. Fleming is at present in Boston, overhauling the position, and we think, dear Sir, you may sit upon your A and B bonds with a firm assurance of seeing a good profit in a few months.

The details of the speech which Mr. Rhodes delivered at the De Beers meeting are at length to hand, and, as we suspected, the real weakness of the position is the question of the demand for the commodity which the mine produces. On paper the situation seems very good, but Mr. Rhodes admitted that the market for diamonds was only maintained by the directors forming syndicates to purchase large blocks of stones, and, with the American demand practically at a standstill, it is an open question as to how long the present artificial means of supporting prices can be carried on. You know, dear Sir, our views on all combinations and suchlike contrivances for evading the inevitable laws of supply and demand, and in the case of the diamond industry we do not believe in the success of measures which have hitherto invariably failed in all other walks of life; but we must not forget that the people at the head of this attempt are the same persons who have engineered the Chartered Company's shares up to over thirty shillings—an achievement which seems very little short of the miraculous.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Can the author believe that the heroine of "The Little Widow" is decently attractive? What is one to think of a creature in widow's weeds who is always anxious to handle them in such a manner as to show that she wears black even to her stockings, who kisses different men with impartiality, and does not seem to care on what knee she sits, provided that it is covered by trousers; who comes, uninvited, to visit a young man at the house of a stranger, and refuses to leave, although her presence causes boundless trouble? My impression is that the play, which is not called "new" or "original," has been taken from some French farce, the heroine of which is a member of that ancient and dishonourable profession for which men are never tired of inventing new names—you will find some curious etymologies in Horne Tooke's *ἑπερδέντα*; or, *The Diversions of Purley*. There seems little cunning in a man who cannot differentiate a respectable though flighty widow from a Corinthian—to use the term adopted by Pierce Egan.

I should like to know the motive of the author of "The Little Widow" in stating "This play has no motive." Is it an effort to disarm criticism by a display of modesty? If so, he should to "motive" have added honestly "humour," "wit," "ingenuity," and "or other good quality whatsoever"; then one would have been disarmed by his humility and horrified by his impertinence. Probably the motive of the statement is vanity, and one is expected to admire the ability of a man who can make an attractive play without using a motive. Unfortunately, it is not attractive. I feel disposed to paraphrase Macaulay's remarks about a simile in one of Montgomery's poems and say simply, "We take this to be, on the whole, the worst play in the world." Yet, perhaps, I have seen worse. It is difficult rightly to appreciate shades of deep black.

Miss Minnie Palmer is "The Little Widow." In speaking of her performance, there comes to my mind the old tale about the writer who, when accused of using too many parentheses, thought he could amend his style merely by leaving out the bracket signs, and was then rebuked by the remark that "you cannot make a lame man walk by simply taking away his crutches." So, too, you cannot make a song-and-dance artiste into an actress by lengthening her skirts and almost suppressing her songs and dances. Such a method merely robs her without any counterbalancing gain. It is curious how soon players in musical pieces acquire a style that is ill on the legitimate stage. No doubt, the fact that in comic opera, &c., one is alternatively of first importance, and last, or none at all, is the cause.

I remember, in a play called, I think, "Bartonmere Towers," one of the most popular members of the Savoy company—one, certainly, of its ablest artistes—appeared, and her performance was a sad display of exaggeration and selfish struggle for prominence; yet since then I have seen her in a proper sphere with delight. This, I should add, is not an isolated experience: on the contrary, almost always, when the young ladies who in musical farcical comedy or burlesque are a joy to us make an expedition into comedy their admirers are dismayed.

What is poor Mr. Charles Sugden doing in such a piece, such a company, and such a part? Surely an actor of his calibre can find a better engagement when there are so many artistes of far less value in really good berths.

In "Wapping Old Stairs" I had a pleasure somewhat disproportionate to its actual merits. It is such a sincere effort to be what it pretends to be—a comic opera. The story is honestly told, there are no incidentals, and, in consequence, the performers, great and small, seemed thoroughly in earnest and worked with immense vigour. It is within a hand's-breadth of immense success. Unfortunately, the intervening gulf is a hard one for Messrs. Stuart Robertson, the author, and Howard Talbot, the musician, to bridge. In the case of the former it is due to the fact that, though the workmanship of his lyrics is decidedly good, though he has a sense of humour, yet wit has been denied him, and he has not the ingenuity in construction to make his slender plot altogether effective. In negative qualities—the avoidance of vulgarity and stupidity—he excels, and as a craftsman one may say that, though not obviously an imitation, his work reminds one of Mr. Gilbert.

From his music, one expects to see "Mus. Bac." after Mr. Howard Talbot's name—it is so sound, so gentlemanlike, so excellent in taste. The obviously pretty and piano-organ commonplaces are eschewed, difficult rhythms are sometimes neatly used, due respect is paid to the orchestra, which is something more than a mere accompaniment, and a feeling humour is discernible. On the other side, however, one finds lack of invention of melody and bad writing for the voice. The musical plane chosen would have admitted simple, memory-touching tunes, but they did not come; in fact, I left the theatre without distinct memory of a single number, and none of them have come back to me since. This has rarely happened with me.

Nevertheless, if a few of the too numerous numbers had been omitted, I should have passed a pleasant evening, despite this falling short of the higher qualities by gentlemen for whose ability and taste I have sincere respect. The pick of the company was Miss Jessie Bond; she had little chance as a singer, but in the part of comic chambermaid her lively humour was enchanting. If the management is wise, it will bring her on earlier and give her a song or two. Miss Mary Turner, the heroine, has a pleasant voice, to which her method of production does less than full justice, and sang prettily, while praise must be given to Mr. Courtice Pounds, to Mr. H. Bouchier, a clever new low comedian, and to Messrs. R. Temple, Avon Saxon, and H. Sparling.—MONOCLE.